Week ending March 13 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

VIC OLIVER'S SPARKLING AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Winston Churchill gets me as his son-in-law

THE STRANGE LAND by HAMMOND INNES

THIS IS THE TIME OF WASHDAY when Mum has every reason to feel pleased with herself. Behind her are the results of her Surf boil: sheets, towels, hankies—all of them more than just white—spotless. Yet you should have seen how stained they were before their Surf boil.

Surf boils spotless!

IRONING TIME IS TESTING TIME. It's when you're ironing that you'll see how wise you were to boil in Surf —you'll see everything *spotless*, because Surf makes such short work of spots and stains.

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All you need is a packet of Surf in your kitchen. Surf is the complete detergent that not only gives you a spotless boil, but makes a wonderful job of coloureds and fine things too. No need to keep one powder for the boil and one for the rest of the wash. All you need is Surf—the complete detergent.

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EDITORIAL

A slump? Why?

FOR fifteen years Britain has enjoyed full employment. Each week, Friday has been pay day for all, not dole day for two million people, as it was after 1931. Remembering the hunger marchers and the workless miners singing in the streets, we have all said: "It shall not happen again."

Yet some pessimists are now raising their voices to warn us that we are heading for a "readjustment" or a "recession"—fancy names for an old-fashioned slump.

They are gloomy because American car and steel works are cutting their production, because the rate of unemployment across the Atlantic has risen to more than three million out of sixty-three million workers.

THIS, they fear, means that the United States will buy less from Britain and the Commonwealth. And if Britain's dollar-earnings fall, we should be unable to buy the food and raw materials to feed our people and keep our factories busy.

MR. JAMES FIELDING
"We must go out and sell"

But this dismal view is not shared by Mr. James Fielding, of Gloucester. He went looking for orders elsewhere —in Russia.

Mr. Fielding reports: "I landed a big contract for hydraulic presses worth more than two and a quarter million pounds. That brought the total Russian orders this year up to fifteen and a half million pounds — and they have announced that they are willing to spend four hundred million pounds, if prices are right and the British Government approves the orders as 'non-strategic.'"

ALL over the world, Mr. Fielding believes, there are plenty of opportunities for British goods. "German and Japanese industrialists don't sit at home moaning about a slump. We, too, have got to go out and sell."

Men with Mr. Fielding's spirit built Britain's trade empire. They can maintain our prosperity against all comers if they are given a fair chance.

Talk of foreign competition does not depress them. They go out and sell their goods while the pessimists count the hours to doomsday on their fingers.

IT is true that a slump now in America could pull this country towards poverty. Last year, £404 million of our £2,687 million export trade went to the dollar area.

But it is also true that there is a vast market for British skill and enterprise in the other 155 countries of the world. It is up to our business men to find and supply the demand at competitive prices, and it is up to the government to help them.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SHE'S too young for school, but Douglas L. Mays's young lady has learnt a few lessons already. She has played truant from home, queened it all the way to school over her older sisters, held up the traffic, and captured the heart of the road patrol man. That is no pedestrian crossing, but a red carpet; and she knows that she is the belle of the town. A girl doesn't need school to teach her that. Not with an escort holding her hand.

MM-MM! MUCH MORE TO MUNCH IN MALTESERS!

Maltesers

Yes! Maltesers are mouth-watering — *and* magnificent value too! No wonder over seven millions of them are bought every day. Plenty for everyone in the big box at 1/6d.

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YOU TAKE ME OUT BECAUSE I'M TOO TIRED TO EAT MY OWN COOKING– AND I'M WASTING YOUR TREAT– I JUST HAVEN'T ANY APPETITE!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU–YOU'VE GOT TO GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOCTOR TOMORROW
YOU'RE THOROUGHLY RUN DOWN–AND IF YOU DON'T EAT PROPERLY, THE MORE TIRED YOU'LL FEEL!–NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU HOW TO BREAK THAT 'VICIOUS CIRCLE' MRS. SMITH
MY DOCTOR ADVISED BURGUNDY WITH MEALS–WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?
HE MEANT WHAT DOCTORS ALWAYS MEAN– KEYSTONE BURGUNDY
I ENJOYED COOKING THIS MEAL–AND I MUST SAY I'M ENJOYING MY OWN COOKING!
YOU'RE A DIFFERENT WOMAN IN A WEEK! KEYSTONE'S CERTAINLY DONE THE TRICK– AND IT'S MOST ENJOYABLE WINE
when doctor advises burgundy be sure to get
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AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
MARCH 13, 1954 VOL. 95 NO. 2489 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

He had the moneyed look

A COOK in my office canteen wanted to buy a dining-room suite on a hire-purchase agreement. The shop asked for references, and she gave my name and that of the bank where she has an account.

One day last week the shop wrote to say that the bank had disclaimed all knowledge of her. That afternoon she called to see her bank manager. He was engaged; a junior clerk dealt with her complaint. After making inquiries, he said off-handedly: "I see that you have an account here, but there has been some confusion over an initial. You'd better tell the shop to write again." There was no apology, or offer to put things right. Last Saturday I had a minor complaint to make at my own bank. I was taken straight to the manager; he was most apologetic. The cook—a rather shy woman—has savings of £5,000; her late husband owned a café. I have the accent and bearing of a professional man—and a current credit balance of £43 12s. 3d. — M. R., Liverpool.

No Reprieve

AFTER making cherry wine, I threw the shrunken cherries into the chicken coop. A few moments later, I heard a great row in the poultry yard. All the hens were rushing about like mad things. One of them lay on the ground; I assumed that it had been killed in the stampede. I picked it up, and plucked it while it was still at body temperature. Then I put it into the cellar for my husband to trim and clean. Two hours later, I opened the cellar door. The hen, hale and hearty but quite nude, dashed between my legs into the kitchen. It had not been killed; it had been intoxicated by the cherries, and had come back to reality in the coolness of the kitchen. We had to kill it, and ate it for dinner the next day.—Mme. Vanden Broeck, Koperstraat, Olen, Belgium.

Splinter Game

WHEN I had to remove a splinter from my son's hand for the first time, I decided to try to avoid a fuss of the kind that I used to make. I sat him down at the kitchen table with a hammer in his other hand, and said: "If I hurt you, bang on the table." Out came the splinter; there were bangs, but no tears. The other day my son shouted to me: "Get the hammer quick, Mother. I've got a splinter."—Mrs. Helen S. Nieman, Sleaford.

Exodus

WHEN I was fourteen, I saw an army of rats on the march near a town in Wales. The council workmen had changed their refuse-dumping ground, and the rats were moving to the new site. Like the eels described in "Free Speech," they travelled in a column several yards wide; they seemed to pass over the ground like a dirty brown river. I have never seen larger or fiercer rats. One was killed which had forelegs as thick as a man's thumb. It weighed 5½ lb. — T. J. Thomas, South Queensferry, West Lothian.

Fought Back

IN 1938 I played table tennis against a team from the St. Loyes College for the Disabled, Exeter (John Bull, February 13). Our team was well and truly beaten. We had been playing for only two seasons, but we had a number of games to our credit. I cannot remember any match that we enjoyed as much as that with St. Loyes. It was marvellous to see men in wheel-chairs and on crutches putting up such a wonderful attack.—Mrs. P., Cornwall.

Seeing Minds

TWO in our family of eight inherited telepathic powers ("Free Speech," February 20) from our mother. We also get what we call "real dreams." On the strength of one of them, my sister and her husband once walked several miles in the early morning to my brother's bedside. He looked relieved and happy when he saw her, and died within five minutes. Once, when I was at Lowestoft, I "saw" my husband's car overturn at Exeter. I seemed to be in the plane with my son when he had trouble landing in America. I have had many such experiences, some of them most happy. But I do not consider these powers an asset. I would gladly welcome a cure. — Mrs. Constance R. Green, Bidborough, Kent.

The Rivals

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed the first part of Vic Oliver's life-story, "Gay Adventure." One paragraph gave me a great thrill. It was the one in which Oliver mentions that in 1913 he played against Sunderland when that football team toured Austria. My husband, Walter Tinsley, was a member of the team which made the tour. When I last saw Vic Oliver on the stage, I little thought that he and my husband had been football rivals—forty years before.—Mrs. W. Tinsley, Ripley, Derbyshire.

This week's instalment of "Gay Adventure" begins on page 10.

Garden Profit

OUR house is built on a tenth of an acre plot, and we have lawns as well as a kitchen garden. The value of the eggs, fruit and vegetables we produced last year was £56 8s. 6d. Our eggs alone were worth £37 2s. 6d. Against this must be set £15 15s. for lime, seeds, poultry food and sundries. I have not included in my figure a saving of a quarter of a ton

An outstanding new story by . . .

H. E. BATES

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

of coal by using logs from an old tree, or the value of our almost all-the-year-round flowers.—A. W. D., Hull.

Incentives

I HAVE found a new way to get my three young children up early in the morning. Before I go to bed, I put three sweets of different kinds on the sideboard. When the children wake up, they make a mad dash for the bathroom, each hoping to be down in time to have first pick of the sweets, which are usually kept to be eaten at school during playtime. There is one rule in the game: you cannot take a sweet unless you are properly washed, dressed and ready for breakfast. — WILLIAM SHREWSBURY, Long Eaton.

Shortest Distance

R. Morton Mitchell

JOHN BULL's Editorial "Weak Links" (February 20) rightly called attention to the tremendous difficulties caused to the carriers of heavy machinery by the thousands of out-of-date road bridges in this country. One weak link in a logical route can make it useless. A firm of machinery carriers recently had the job of transporting two castings, each weighing seventy-six tons, from Sheffield to the docks at Hull. The direct route covered eighty miles with easy gradients all the way and comparatively few built-up areas. But it included the Thorne swing bridge on A614, which is too weak to take such loads. So the castings had to be moved to Hull by way of Huddersfield, Leeds, York and Market Weighton—an extra fifty-four miles. — R. MORTON MITCHELL, Chief Executive Officer, Road Haulage Association, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

. . . MY photograph was taken immediately after the railway bridge at Ardrossan collapsed last April, depositing on the line the trailer which was carrying a ship's crankshaft from Greenock to Glasgow (JOHN BULL, February 20). The smash cut a busy arterial road, and traffic

had to be diverted through the narrow, crowded streets of Ardrossan and Saltcoats. The bridge was not reopened until late in December.—J. D. WALKER, Stevenston, Ayrshire.

Confidential

THE specialist at the hospital gave me a prescription to hand to my doctor. Unfortunately, my doctor could not read it; neither could his dispenser. He sent me to a chemist, but neither he nor his staff could decipher it. Eventually the doctor rang up the hospital to ask the specialist what he had written.—E. M. V., Lancashire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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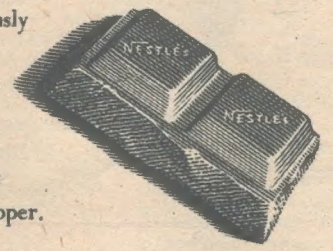
"It's gorgeous . . . it's heavenly . . . it's fabulously creamy" say teenage enthusiasts with sighs of delight! "It's very good milk chocolate," say Nestlé's with becoming modesty. There may be some in *your* shop today, so watch out for that tempting red and gold wrapper.



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RELIEVE *irritation*
EASE *tightness*

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CROAKY? take KILKOF KONES 7d

KILKOF (in bottles) 1/8 and 3/6

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Do you suffer from Exhaustipation?

IT HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble is in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, very soon gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again—and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today—and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.

SHE SMILED—AND THEN SHE THANKED A MAGIC NUMBER

Much of her charm is in the gleaming whiteness of her smile—a whiteness she guards with her "Halex 260" Toothbrush every morning and every night. For sheer value and—above all—for efficiency, this toothbrush is the "tops". With its short head it reaches all the dental surfaces, and because its nylon tufts are "Rondated" it is as gentle to your gums as it is good at polishing your teeth. Look for it in its hygienic bubble-pack—guarded from all hands but yours. Hard or medium this greatest-value brush is only 1/6d, so remember the name HALEX. And remember the magic number "260".

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★ This is but one of a magnificent variety of Halex Brushes at most reasonable prices. Try it first and then invest in a Halex Nailbrush or one of the fine Halex Hairbrushes for men, women and children.

SHOE-LIFE STORIES... *continued*

WHAT GHASTLY WEATHER! THANK GOODNESS MY SHOES ARE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS 'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS.
SO THAT'S WHY YOUR SHOES ALWAYS LOOK SO SMART AND NEW, BETTY.
YES, AUNT EDITH. GOOD LEATHER SHOES, FITTED WITH PHILLIPS, STAY SMART WHATEVER THE WEATHER.
Take it from me - PHILLIPS double the life of your shoes
Phillips
'STICK-A-SOLES' & HEELS

"But these aren't a bit like Martians"

LEOPARD AT LARGE

Continued from page 14

these trophies of his youth. The years between were long and grey, and sometimes he found himself uncertain when he had shot which. . . . Besides, nowadays, no one cared; visitors to see the collection had become less and less frequent; and even the vicar had once looked bored when he had started to chat to him about shooting. . . .

A soldier needs no doctor's physic: he needs the zest of food after a long march, the relief of a hard bed, the heat of brave words and brave deeds. The colonel knew he was too old now to draw comfort and health from these things. And so, until the Lord's will was done, that devoted servant Laura did her best by providing nourishing food and all the silly chatter her poor heart could think of in an effort to draw his attention from his misery.

Several days went by with very little change in the colonel's condition.

One day Laura came back from her morning shopping with unusual speed. She shut and locked the door very carefully before starting to prepare lunch. That day the colonel had summoned enough strength to get up, and he sat moodily in his old long-chair in his dressing-gown, his glasses on his nose, reading the paper. But he quickly lost interest and pushed it aside: such utter rot—the Empire had quite fallen to pieces. He chewed his moustache in annoyance, fidgeting, and watching Laura's efficient preparation of their morning elevenses.

"Here y'are," she said, giving him a cup of milk coffee and a biscuit. "Such a time I had in the village. Every shop shut or about to shut. Indeed. . . ." She launched into her story, hoping it would cheer him up.

It was a leopard, a ravening beast, and it had escaped. A small circus was on a visit to a neighbouring town. After the evening performance, as the result of a drunken wager, a yokel had crawled under the canvas and released the leopard from its cage. It was still at large and the whole countryside was on the alert. Schools had been closed and a large force of armed police drafted into the area. It was expected that the animal would be either killed or captured before another twenty-four hours had elapsed.

When Laura had told her story, she saw that the colonel's eyes were glinting with an interest she had not seen for months. He stuffed his glasses into a pocket and roared wih delight.

"By Gad!" he said. "By Gad! In England, too! Those policemen are lucky devils!"

They had lunch, and afterwards she was amazed and startled to see him parading round with a fearsome-looking rifle, aiming at imaginary objects in the hall. Horrified, she saw him fall on his face, but realized with relief that he was merely stalking some phantom creature behind the hat-stand.

When he demanded to know what she had done with the key to the big box of ammunition up in the attic, she became genuinely alarmed.

"We'll have none o' that in this house," she said. "The Lord deliver us!"

"But dammit, woman, the beast may attack the house," he blustered before her strong but loving gaze. "Or it might attack"—here he searched for a likely victim—"old Winthrope's cows." Winthrope's farm lay on two sides of the house and the cows often grazed beneath their windows during the summer.

"When it does, then we'll find the key," she said firmly; and, crestfallen, he had to recognize that she was the power in the home.

The terrible thing was that it did attack Winthrope's cows.

The news came with the milkman, who abstained from sending his errand-boy and arrived at the house himself, in his van, accompanied by a man carrying a rusty twelve-bore. The men stood on the step and gave Laura the news through a window which she opened gingerly.

One of old Winthrope's prize heifers had been killed. It was thought that the leopard had spent the night lurking in Bulmer's copse, behind the village, and had crept out and made its kill shortly before dawn. Every policeman in the county was converging on the spot.

The milkman made it clear that he was taking his life in his hands in venturing out at all, and that he hoped Laura would remember the fact. With a rattle of bottles and much brave gunplay, they made off.

The colonel was bright-eyed and agog. He had followed every word and now he turned on Laura in triumph. "There! Damn! What did I say?"

He had won his point. With misgivings, Laura found the key, and after a deal of stumbling in the attic he came down with a handful of cartridges, which he slipped into various pockets with professional nonchalance.

A little later, prompted by the colonel's wavering but eager finger, Laura found her gaze directed from the library window across the meadow lying below them.

She could certainly see something; it might be a mole-hill or even a dead cow. Shuddering, she withdrew, determined to double-bolt and bar every door in the house. While she did so, the colonel settled himself in a chair by the open window with his rifle over the

A TRIP TO PARIS

by DUDLEY BARKER

A World Prize Story

THE MAN ON THE night-ferry platform of Victoria Station was waiting for his son, nervous that he might not recognize him. He lit a cigarette and looked at the couples wandering alongside the dark train, cocooned in heavy coats and the solemn London night, from which they would burst next morning into the sunshine of Paris.

Then Oliver came up from behind and said, "Hallo, Father!"

He turned slowly. "So you recognized me."

"Of course, from the photograph."

"I wonder if I should have recognized you if I had seen you first. You're taller than I expected. And something's missing—ah, yes, the uniform."

"Good to be out of it for a week."

Suddenly the father laughed and nudged his son's arm. "We'll make a week of it, eh?"

To the Customs officer in his peaked cap he handed their passports and said, "John Sparrow. This is my son. I haven't seen him since he was four. Now we're getting acquainted. I'm taking him to Paris for a week."

"Enjoy yourselves," said the Customs officer, smiling, and making chalk marks on their cases.

When they were settled in the train, John went to sit on the edge of the bunk in his son's compartment. The boy was not the least like his mother. John tried to remember what Martha looked like, but all he could recall was her photograph—not the one she sent him last year of a strange matron with a placid look, but the true one of the restless girl with the clipped hair of the twenties. And big brown eyes—he remembered that.

"Not many men have the luck to discover a grown-up son, and take him on his first trip to Paris," he said. "You see my selfish motive? I want to have my first trip twice."

"Was the first time so good?"

"I was on honeymoon with your mother. You needn't look embarrassed. It was a long time ago, and the memories are well laid up in lavender. This isn't a sentimental journey."

But it was, in a way.

"I didn't like to write this," ventured Oliver, "but won't you let me take a share in the expenses? We get good pay, and I'd really like to."

"I didn't have to pawn anything," John smiled.

"Then you're going to let me buy you one hell-or-bust dinner, best they've got."

"You shall choose it."

John stumbled along the rocking corridor into his own berth and played for a while with all the gadgets, the anchored carafes, the little let-down tables, the sliding ashtrays, that a railway considers essential to slumber. Then he doused all except the head-light, and settled upon the bunk.

So that was Oliver. That was the effect of

They sat, father and son, watching the people go by and feeling the magic of the city all around them

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

those almost-forgotten causes. He and Martha had had a fight—not much of a fight, and heaven knew what about, something trivial.

That night he had walked out of the house, sat in the bar round the corner and drunk a glass of beer. Then he had begun to wonder what she was doing, and to stop feeling angry and start on remorse. He had almost made up his mind to go home when she came and sat on the stool beside him at the bar, and said sorry.

Now, twenty years later, a young bomber-pilot with clear intelligent eyes and firm muscles lay sleeping in the night-ferry car. That was the measure of human importance.

As they sat for breakfast, Oliver demanded, "What's the magic that has changed this train?"

Magic it was. The restaurant car was French, with advertisements for Dubonnet and *quinquina* and *ne pas se pencher au dehors*. Past the windows streamed a pattern of unhedged cultivations, tall narrow houses with shuttered windows, and avenues of Impressionist poplars.

"When they say it's a small world, they lie," remarked John. "It's a huge world. Or rather, it's a whole bunch of different worlds, jammed against each other."

At the Gare du Nord he watched the eagerness with which the boy took in the scurry of the station, the smocked porters, the ancient taxis and the streets. The sun was shining gaily upon the café awnings, the round newspaper kiosks, the old women in black with mops and buckets upon the boulevards, the yawning men strolling leisurely, the boys in berets on bicycles with long loaves thrust beneath their arms.

THEIR hotel was a small one in a side-street between the Champs-Elysées and the river. "Better get washed and unpacked," said John. He wanted to get into his room, rid, for that moment, of Oliver. The arrival in Paris always got him. Martha had not been a beautiful woman, nothing striking, but she had seemed so then. She had been wearing a pale grey dress, and one of those deep-crowned hats that look absurd in old snapshots. He had carried in the bags himself, dropped them on to the floor, and lifted her with her high heels dangling. "Us," she had whispered.

Most of our shrines, he thought, are so shabby, but not that one. After a moment she had freed herself and led him by the hand to the balcony, into the sun. From his perch on the opposite cliff-face an old man with a pointed beard had bowed gravely to them, and she had laughed and blown him a kiss.

He moved slowly towards the window, drawn by the sunlight, and stepped on to the balcony. From the other end Oliver turned his head and smiled. John glanced involuntarily across the street for a courteous old man with a beard. But there were only empty windows and, below, a *concierge* in a broken armchair, knitting at her door.

"We're wasting time," he said. "Already an hour in Paris, and I haven't tasted Pernod."

He hurried back into the room, unpacked, washed. And there they were, strolling happily towards the Champs-Elysées, joking, laughing, almost slapping each other's backs, in this merry tune of a city.

Paris behaved beautifully for them. When they surveyed her from the top of the Eiffel Tower she drew a rain squall across her body and then swept it away, as a dancer manipulates a veil, to show a rainbow rising from the Arc de Triomphe.

When they put on sunglasses and sat outside a café, she paraded before them delicate women with tapping heels and long sensuous faces, elderly men in berets wearing dove-grey waistcoats.

EARLY in the evening they climbed the hill to a restaurant hung with little landscapes, where stout Charles in his tall white hat brought a fowl to their table on a large silver dish, and cooked it featly in whisky, with button mushrooms, talking all the while in thick, incomprehensible words.

When they left the restaurant they wandered around, calling at three or four little bars, cheerfully acquiring a tall elderly American who wanted to tell them about his oil shares and would on no account be parted from them.

All three later settled into a small dance hall with pink walls somewhere on the Left Bank. Oliver and the elderly American, whose name was Wilberforce, danced energetically with a couple of girls in blouses and skirts. They brought their girls back to the table, and John got hold of a waiter and ordered brandies. Oliver looked quizzically at Wilberforce, who was a little drunk, and smiled at his father.

Wilberforce was still going on about his oil shares.

"Guy I'd done a good turn to put me on to them," he said. "If you can get in under three dollars, says he, get in. I paid two seventy-five. Within a week they struck a spouter on a desert lot, way at the back of the concession, and the shares were up to eight twenty. Do I take my profit? I ask this guy. Hold on, says he. Within a month they got another gusher, and up they went to twenty-three fifty. Did I take my profit? No, sir, I did not. All or nothing for me. They went to fifty-two dollars, and I had fifteen thousand shares. What do you know?"

"A lot of money," said Oliver.

"Could have been," said Wilberforce, "but look what comes. The goddam gushers seal over and dry up. Not so much as a trickle. D'you know what those shares stand me in at now? Thirty-five cents."

He placed his venerable head upon the table and began to weep.

The lights gave way to a spot, and a woman leaped in, singing. She had black hair, wide nostrils, and long muscular thighs, like an Arab. She was lean, hungry, not young, and she scooped vivacity out of herself like the last dregs of wine from a deflated skin.

John looked at his son. The boy's eyes were, of course, fixed upon the woman. And then John perceived the central problem of the trip. To be nineteen, in Paris for the first time—and have to lie and invent adventures to the squadron when he got back.

Yet the boy could not broach the thing to him. They were father and son, and so strangers. He wanted to whisper to him to go ahead.

"Never mind me," he wanted to say to the boy. "There are no relationships in the world worth that much. You're on your own, as we all are."

When the cabaret was done, they moved on, Wilberforce unshakable. They left in a little shower of francs, found a taxi and went to the vegetable markets.

The light of the new day was getting up on the old brown faces, the shawls, the clean perfection of the cauliflower heads, brilliant tomato reds, the pale flesh of garlic.

They drank onion soup from deep bowls. Wilberforce was haggling for a sack of carrots at one of the stalls. They left him at it and, finding another taxi, drove back to the hotel.

"What a day," sighed Oliver. "My, but I'm grateful."

John stretched on his bed, feeling agelessly old.

One morning they took the train to Versailles, and wandered through the interminable rooms, and then out into the park, where they sat beneath a tree by the edge of the lake, John with hat tilted forward over his face, Oliver clasping his arms round his knees, gazing at the water vista.

Nearby a French family was picnicking, the mother serenely serving the sandwiches, the father aloof in his shirt-sleeves, children gravely occupied in the pleasures of a day in the open-air.

"Peaceful," said Oliver. "Out of this world."

AFTER a long silence John asked, "What did Martha tell you about me?" Oliver looked up from the water.

"Mother? Not much. She never lied about it, or pretended you had to live somewhere else on account of business, or anything like that. She said straight out that you and she had got along badly, and people who do that are best living apart. She said nobody is ever wholly right or wholly wrong, and judge not lest ye be

She, too, had backed the horse and won. Oliver

DUDLEY BARKER, author of *A Trip To Paris*, is forty-three, married, with two children, and is features editor of a national daily newspaper. He lives at Hove, Sussex. His story is the first of four British entries to the World Prize Story Competition, in which writers from sixteen nations are competing for a first prize of five thousand dollars. All four stories will appear in John Bull.

was delighted. On impulse, he said: "You must come and meet my father." The girl looked at him and smiled. "I don't believe you have a father"

judged. She's taken with religion. I expect you know that."

"I hope it's what she needs."

"Seems so."

John reached for the guidebook. "Look here, we haven't done our duty. There's a hell of a lot more to see. The Petit Trianon. You ought not to miss that—where Marie Antoinette played at being a milkmaid. Fifty years ago two old schoolmistresses reckoned they saw her ghost. Stepped right back into a summer afternoon a century earlier. They wrote a book about it."

"Really? Did *you* ever see any ghosts there?"

"All the times I've been to Versailles," John confessed, "I never reached the Petit Trianon. I usually got to about here, and found myself about as tired as I am now."

"Why don't you stay here and have a doze? How far is it? Let's see the map. Oh, not that far. Give me up to an hour."

John stretched himself on the grass and watched him go. "Look out," he called after him, "you might step into the past!"

Oliver turned and grinned. "Not a chance."

And if there were, John mused, who would take it? Suppose he could go back to his marriage with Martha. Would he do it?

They had started with such assurance in each other. After their Paris honeymoon they had gone to London and rented a small, cheap flat in Maida Vale, with the red buses sliding past on their way to Marble Arch. In the living-room they had travel posters framed in larch—there was a fashion for that sort of thing in the early thirties—and a huge glass bottle converted into a lamp with foreign stamps, wine labels and Peter Arno cartoons pasted on its parchment shade; and a glass nude negro and bowls of hyacinth bulbs on the window ledge.

Life was a great joke, and they had many friends. So what had broken it up? The truth was, he knew, that Oliver had. Martha, who had been all fears and discontent about the coming baby, changed into a doting mother directly he was born. Whereas John, who had been quietly hopping with pride at the thought of a son, in the event grew jealous of him.

Martha was too busy cooking patent foods to bother about any but plain dinners. Friends could come no more for fear of waking the baby.

The life bored him. Martha, with her pettiness about the child, bored him. When once he had said that, first to himself, then in an angry moment to her, the rest followed, "It's not worth the trouble," he had said. He had left. Martha had gone to the Cornish village of her childhood where her widowed mother lived. He went to Waterloo to see her off, and they behaved like good friends.

Only years later had he gradually come to remember what else they had been, a memory that sometimes fell across his thoughts like the shadow now upon his closed eyes. . . .

Oliver was standing over him, and saying, "You didn't miss a thing. Not a ghost in sight."

It was at Longchamps that Oliver met the girl. He had gone to the tote window to collect his winnings—in his ignorance he had backed an unlikely horse that paid eight to one. Turning away from the window, he bumped into her, and apologized; and soon they were talking. She had backed the winner, too.

"You must meet my father," he said gaily.

"I don't believe you have a father," she said, smiling.

He laughed and, taking her arm, led her back to the stand. "See," he said, "I really have a father. Dad, this is Annette."

"Any friend of my son," said John, bowing humorously. She was a good-looking girl, brunette, tall, fairly tough, and shrewd, he thought. The clothes were expensive. She had a self-assured laugh.

"We met at the tote," said Oliver. "She backed him too. We're going into partnership."

"How about a drink on that?" suggested John.

They moved to the bar and he bought them champagne. Oliver went to place their bets, and

Continued on page 32

GAY ADVENTURE (4) by VIC OLIVER

Winston Churchill gets me as a son-in-law

The comedian and the great man's daughter were married at New York City Hall. Then they sailed for home . . . to meet her father

ONE MONDAY MORNING in 1931, my partner, Margaret Crangle, and I left our London hotel for a rehearsal at the Palladium. Since my all-or-nothing bid for fame in America, she and I had become a well-established double act in the States. There, we were billed as Oliver and Crangle. This was our first visit to England, and when we got to the Palladium there were long queues outside the box office. "Look," I said exuberantly, "we're famous over here, too."

Margaret, ever more realistic than I, pointed at the posters. "It's Layton and Johnstone they're queueing for," she said. We were only second on the bill. Max Miller, then a struggling young comic, had a spot near the bottom.

When we went on that night, I was so nervous that I felt as though my throat was stuffed with cotton-wool. The act fell flat. The audience was ready to laugh, but our jokes failed to register. References to the American slump, to American brands of food, even to American slang expressions which have since become well-known in this country, were not understood.

As an act of charity, Val Parnell retained us for a second week at the Palladium and booked us at the Glasgow Empire and the Brighton Hippodrome. After that, he rang us up. "I'm not taking up the option for another eight weeks," he said. "Your act is not quite right for this country." It was my first experience of the British genius for understatement.

We had plenty of work when we returned to America. The mere fact of having played the Palladium boosted our standing. But within a year, the act broke up.

Returned To England Alone

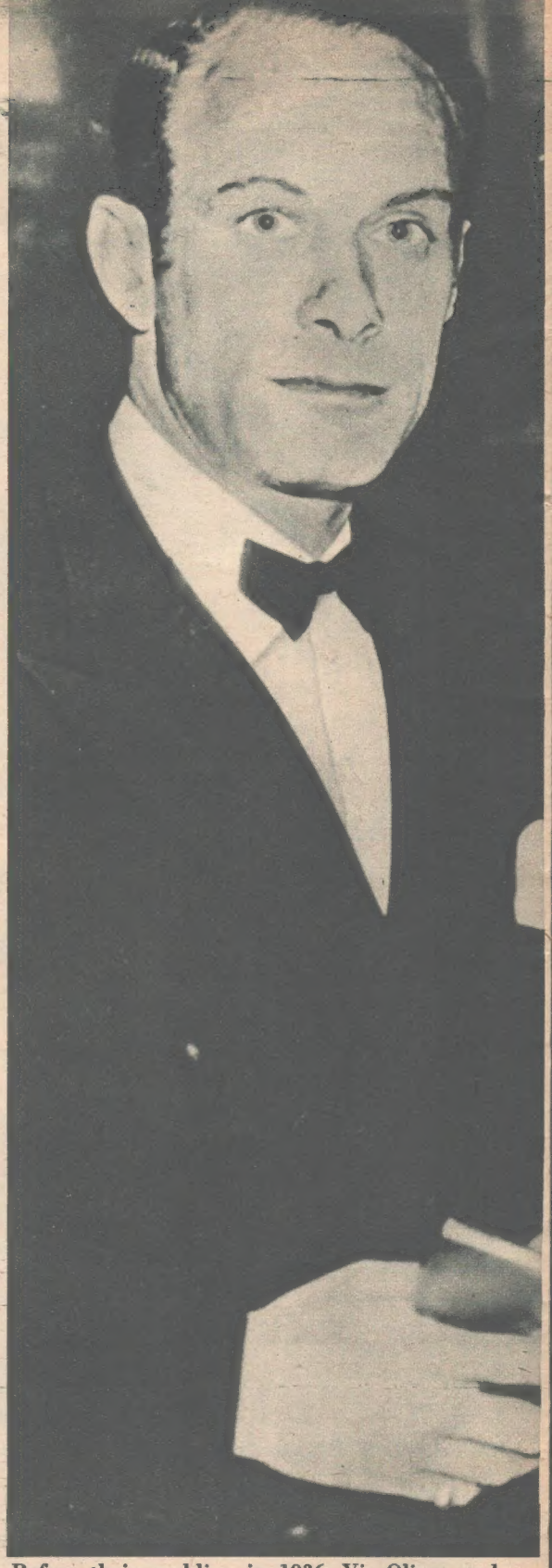
Margaret had been in show business with me since 1924, and the novelty of the stage was wearing thin. She saw no hope of reaching stardom and, when she fell in love with a charming young executive of the powerful R-K-O theatre circuit, she decided to get married.

Although the break with Margaret came hard after such a long association, it was professionally to my advantage. As a single comic, playing the violin and piano between my patter, I was in much greater demand. I was not surprised, therefore, when my agent told me that Val Parnell wanted me to appear once again in England.

Once more I started at the Palladium. This time, I took good care that the audience would understand my material and I included in my act a parody on commercial broadcasting. The idea, new then, was a vast success. "V.P." took up the option for a further eight weeks, and at the end of that time engaged me for a further sixteen weeks. Finally, he booked me for a whole year.

At the beginning of 1934, however, my British labour permit ran out and I had to return to America. I was immediately booked for a nation-wide tour in a revue at a salary larger than any I had earned before. I was also represented in America by Mr. Henry Sherek, the then variety agent who had been responsible for my first trip to England. All the time, however, I was longing to return to England—where working conditions were infinitely better.

Bernard Baruch, a close friend of Sir Winston, was delighted when Vic and Sarah became engaged. "I'll talk to the family," he promised them



Before their wedding in 1936, Vic Oliver and

One Tuesday early in 1935, I was playing in Cleveland, Ohio, when I received a telegram from Sherek: WHEN CAN YOU OPEN AT THE PALLADIUM? There was no air service in those days, but the Ile de France was sailing from New York the next day at midnight and was scheduled to arrive in England the following Monday. I booked a cabin. CAN OPEN NEXT MONDAY, I wired Sherek.

After a successful opening at the Palladium, work came thick and fast. I made films during the day, appeared at two theatres each evening, went on to a cabaret at one of the big hotels, and finished at a bottle party around 3 a.m. After a year, George Black had my conditions of landing revoked, so that I was able to stay in this country indefinitely.

One day, my agent told me that C. B. Cochran wanted to see me in his office. I was tremendously excited, for Cochran represented a branch of show business to which I had long aspired—the polished West End musical. Cochran was

Sarah Churchill were hounded by publicity. "This persecution," he says, "only drove us together"

short, shrewd and gentlemanly Immaculately dressed, with a rose in his buttonhole, he invariably carried a cane to support his arthritic left leg

"Saw you at the Holborn Empire," he said "You're a bit music-hally yet, but I think we can polish you into a West End revue comedian How would you like the lead in my new show?" I agreed immediately

A few days later, I was somewhat dismayed when my agent told me that Cochran was offering only £80 a week instead of my usual £250 "What do you advise?" I asked

"Take it," he said "It's worth it for the prestige." And so I became the comic lead in *Follow The Sun*

A few days later, I read in the papers that Sarah Churchill, daughter of Winston Churchill, the Member for Epping, had been chosen as a chorus girl in the same show Anxious that Cochran, notoriously keen on publicity, should not choose her because of her family, she had attended the audition under a pseudonym

I was especially interested because, as a boy in Vienna, I had looked on Winston Churchill as the model of a well-dressed man. Taught by Father to set great store by my personal appearance, I had clipped photographs of Mr and Mrs. Churchill from English illustrated magazines. Now, however, I strongly resented his daughter going on the stage. I was convinced she was doing it only for pin-money or exhibitionism.

Having landed my first big part in a sophisticated show, I was anxious to make a good impression, and immediately bought myself three forty guinea suits. I was also keen to obey the rules, and when Cochran told me it was "not done" for principals to mix with chorus girls, I resolved to follow his advice. At London rehearsals, this was easy Whenever we had an hour to spare, I went home.

In Manchester, however, where we went for two weeks of rehearsals before the tryout, it was much more difficult. We often spent fourteen hours a day on the stage and as there were often infuriating delays while pianos were tuned or dresses adjusted, we stood around the stage gossiping to each other

Now, I was curious to know which girl was Sarah Churchill—but not wanting to give her the satisfaction of being asked after, I looked for a girl who resembled a picture I had seen in the papers. Finally, I settled on a very pretty young lady who was always with another girl. Having decided which was Sarah, I determined to ignore her.

Sarah's friend, however, was bright and vivacious as well as being modest and well-mannered. I found myself nodding to her as we passed in the wings Later, I winked and bantered her, very much the established star condescending to an inferior When she danced particularly well, I complimented her. Everything considered, I decided that she was a highly talented young lady

Discovered The Real Sarah

Sarah, however, I disliked more and more To my prejudiced eyes everything she did seemed awkward and unskilled. I continued to cut her Late one afternoon, Sarah's friend and I both happened to be free together. "Let's pop out for a cup of tea," I suggested

Then I was aware of something lacking. "Your name," I said. "I don't know your name."

"It's Sarah," she replied

I laughed at the coincidence. "There seem to be a lot of Sarahs around here. What's your surname?"

"Churchill"

I was flabbergasted "Who is your friend, then?" I stammered

Sarah explained that she was Jenny Nicholson—the daughter of Robert Graves—who later married Alexander Clifford, the famous foreign correspondent. Today, Miss Nicholson is a journalist in her own right

I somehow felt that I owed Miss Nicholson an apology. "Let's have her along, too," I said Over tea in the Midland Hotel, we talked about show business. Jenny, I found, was the brilliant type who wanted success quickly. She thought the world owed her a living. Sarah was humble and willing to make a slow climb, starting at the very bottom

It was getting late. "Where can I drop you?" I asked Sarah. She said she lodged in Acker Street—the "digs" street for chorus girls. "But why aren't you at the Midland?" I asked

"Because I'm a chorus girl and I'm living on a chorus girl's wages," said Sarah Any lingering doubts about her sincerity instantly evaporated

Many times after that I met Sarah. When Cochran invited the whole cast to a celebration supper on opening night, I contrived to sit next to her. A few nights later, at the Variety Ball, she consented to be my partner

Cochran was watching our romance with a jaundiced eye. One day, he called me into his office. "You've been seeing rather a lot of Miss Churchill lately" I admitted that I had

"Do you know who she is?" asked Cochran I said that I did

Invited Him To Chartwell

"Do you know her father is one of the most revered men in England?" he retorted. He said no more but the inference was clear Sarah had already caused her family pain by adopting a theatrical career It was up to me to spare them further pain by not entangling their daughter with a low music-hall comic

After a fortnight in Manchester, the show moved to London I travelled down with Sarah and put her in a taxi for Morpeth Mansions, where the Churchills then kept a small town flat. "Well," I said, "I don't suppose I shall be seeing much more of you." Romances between stage people often bloom on tour, only to wither in London where everyone is eager to dash off home after the show

"Nonsense," she said. "You must come to Chartwell some time."

I never visited Chartwell at this period, nor did I meet her parents, but Sarah and I saw

Sarah's journey from England to rehearse with Vic in New York raised a storm. "Sarah Churchill defies her family," screamed the headlines

Two days after Sarah got to New York, her brother Randolph arrived on a and sister met. Immediately, there was a new trend in the papers—he had

more and more of each other until we eventually came to discuss marriage. I wanted to get married as soon as possible, but Sarah had many problems to work out in her own mind.

"Don't rush me," she said. "I have my family *and* my career to think about." She was tremendously keen to succeed in show business.

Follow The Sun had not been an overwhelming success. The Manchester opening was spoiled by a heavy fog which made many of the audience late and cast a general gloom over the house. Cochran held a conference of the whole cast next day, and together we made many cuts and improvements. For the rest of the month at Manchester we had full houses. No sooner had we opened in London, however, than the death of King George V closed the theatres. From this setback we never fully recovered.

"Promise Me First Refusal"

When *Follow The Sun* closed, I had the offer of a show of my own in America. There was every reason to accept. I had to return to fulfil the requirements of the naturalization laws, and I thought that a short absence would help Sarah and me to clarify our feelings about each other. As Sarah saw me off on the boat-train, I said jokingly: "At least promise me the first refusal." Laughingly, she agreed. I had no idea when I would see her again.

My Cochran sacrifice now paid off handsomely. For a few preliminary appearances I found I could command between £200 and £250 a week. When my own show went into production—a revue called *It's The Top*—I found I had more to say in it than I ever had before. But all the time I was writing to Sarah, discussing our plans and prospects.

There was, in the show, a number in which a dancer came out in front of the other girls and, with a bandbox under her arm, executed a sprightly toe-dance. It was the sort of thing Sarah could do to perfection. On the spur of the moment, I thought: why *shouldn't* Sarah do it? Immediately, I wrote to her, describing the job and saying it was hers for the asking. Writing that letter was perhaps the most foolish act of my life.

Within the week, I received a cable from Sarah: AM SAILING TOMORROW ON THE AQUITANIA. Almost immediately, a storm of the most virulent publicity burst over us. In Britain and America the papers came out with headlines like: "Sarah Churchill flees country to join prospective husband"; "Sarah Churchill defies wishes of family." My telephone rang night and day. I was described as a comic, a violinist, a pianist, a contortionist, and even a banjo player.

One reporter, after asking a score of objectionable questions, demanded: "What's your *real* name?" Sarcastically I replied: "Josef Blotz." Next morning, the paper reported: "Vic Oliver, whose real name is Josef Blotz. . . . "

Knowing that Sarah, aboard the Aquitania, could not possibly know what was happening, I obtained permission to go in the tender to meet the liner when it docked. I travelled out with a horde of newspapermen. For them, it was a golden opportunity to hound me once again. "Is she pretty?" they demanded. "Aren't you old enough to be her father?" "You're doing this just to get into the English aristocracy, of course?"

I got so angry that I raised my fist and shouted: "If you don't stop, I'll beat you." At that moment a photographer took a picture. It appeared on the front page of the afternoon papers. I looked more like a gorilla than a human being.

As the tender came alongside, I leapt on to the Aquitania's gangplank. A young officer was waiting at the head of the ladder. "Where's Miss Churchill's cabin?" I asked. He told me, and I raced upstairs, pursued by a pack of reporters. Without waiting to knock, I rushed into the cabin, and bolted the door. "What's happening?" asked Sarah in amazement.

Struggling to make myself heard over the clamour outside, I told her as briefly as possible. Sarah was astounded at the rumours. She had come with the full knowledge and approval of her family to take the part I had offered her. She had her ballet shoes and letters of introduction from her parents to their friends in New York. There came a knock at the door. It was Lady Astor, one of Sarah's fellow travellers. Like the kind soul she is, she promised to see Sarah safely ashore and help as best she could.

"What about the press?" I asked. At that moment there was another knock. "Who's there?" I called.

"The captain." I let him in. "I don't care what happens ashore," he said, "but I won't have this row on my ship. What do you propose to do?"

We thought for a while. "Is there anywhere we can hold a press conference?" asked Lady Astor. The captain suggested the main lounge.

Opening the door a couple of inches, Lady Astor announced: "Miss Churchill will be available in the main lounge in fifteen minutes."

Lady Astor Faced The Press

The captain then ordered the reporters and photographers—there must have been a hundred of them—downstairs. A quarter of an hour later, after Lady Astor and Sarah had seen the immigration authorities, we followed them.

Lady Astor immediately took charge. "There is absolutely no reason to believe that Miss Churchill ran away from home," she said. "I have here a letter offering her an engagement in a show which is shortly to open in Boston. That is the sole purpose of her visit. She is *not* running after Mr. Oliver."

Questions followed, aggressive questions of

lecture tour. "Naturally," says Vic, "brother been sent by his father to rescue her from me"

the kind with which I had already been pestered. Lady Astor answered them all, calmly and courteously. Sarah and I said never a word. Finally, photographs were taken, and Lady Astor announced the conference closed. She then left with Sarah.

A few minutes later, I also left. "Will you run?" asked one photographer. "So that we can say you were running after Sarah Churchill?" I told him not to be stupid.

Later that day, I phoned Sarah at her hotel. "Everything all right?" I asked. "How about a spot of dinner?"

She sighed into the telephone. "The whole block is surrounded by reporters and photographers. I can't possibly get out."

For almost three days she was besieged. During that time she had to take her meals in her room and sneak out of the servants' entrance when she wanted a breath of air. Meanwhile the papers were coming out with headlines like: "Where will the first rendezvous be?"; "When will the two lovers meet?"

By a coincidence, Randolph Churchill arrived two days after Sarah to fulfil a long-standing engagement for a lecture-tour. Naturally, he went to see his sister. Immediately there was a new trend in the papers: "Brother sent by father to rescue daughter from guitar-playing Vic Oliver." I had been promoted from the banjo to the guitar.

Gradually, the hullabaloo died down and Sarah was able to take her place in the show—her only reason for crossing the Atlantic. She was a success. Emotionally, the persecution had driven us closer together. I met Randolph before he went back and, with Sarah, I visited many of the Churchills' friends in New York.

I particularly remember dining with Bernard Baruch, the eminent financier. He was extremely paternal. "Well, children," he said, "tell me the whole story." By now there had been a development in our relationship. We told him that we were contemplating marriage, but that we were also worried about what Mr. and Mrs. Churchill would think. Mr. Baruch was delighted. "I'll talk to the family," he said.

For the next few weeks, in our free time from the show, we prepared for the wedding. By now, I had lived in the United States long enough to qualify for American citizenship and, as this was preferable in many ways to my present Austrian nationality with a right to reside in America, I became naturalized. Finally we arranged to marry on the day after the show came to an end. We wrote to the Churchills at Chartwell and told them the marriage was to be held on December 25, 1936.

The wedding was a quiet affair at New York City Hall. Public interest in us had largely subsided, and only a few photographers were present to take pictures. My agent was witness. Afterwards we had a modest wedding breakfast and at midday went down to the quay where we boarded the Aquitania. Our only disappointment was that we had not heard a word from Mr. and Mrs. Churchill.

On the second day out, however, we received a cable: CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU BOTH. WELCOME TO CHARTWELL WHEN YOU ARRIVE IN ENGLAND. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Everything had come right.

Set Out For Churchill Home

When we arrived in London we found Randolph waiting for us with his car. After a couple of photographs he whisked us past the cameramen and reporters and drove us straight to the Carlton Hotel. He then left us. Next morning we drove out to Chartwell.

It was Sunday. We drove through Westerham, Kent, and about a mile up a steep hill before we saw the large traffic mirror which marks the concealed entrance to Chartwell. At the top of a short drive, our car drew up. Chartwell, a typical English country house, was by no means ostentatious.

Sarah ran to meet her father. He kissed her on both cheeks, obviously delighted to see her again. Sarah then introduced me, first to her father, who greeted me formally, then to her mother, to Diana and Duncan Sandys and to Mary, who was then fourteen. Randolph was also there.

After lunch—like everyone else who visits Chartwell for the first time—I was taken by Mr. Churchill on a personally conducted tour. I noticed now that the house stood on a slight rise overlooking a park, with a lake immediately in front. It was to the lake that he first took me and introduced me to the four swans, two black and two white. "Meet Pluto and Persephone," he said, pointing to the two black ones. And, pointing to the white ones, he said: "Meet Juno and Jupiter."

We then climbed back up the hill to the farm. After pointing out various animals, Mr. Churchill warned me against a goat which ran to meet us. I patted it on the nose. "He's all right," I said bravely. Mr. Churchill chuckled: "Oh, yes. He's all right!"

Charged By Chartwell Goat

We turned away. I had walked only a few yards when a mild tornado struck me in the seat of my pants. "Yes, he's all right," repeated Mr. Churchill, to the general amusement.

Next we went to a large reservoir stocked with huge goldfish, some of them a foot long. Mr. Churchill called "Hike, hike," and the fish rose and swam to the side. Reaching into his pocket, he tossed out fish-food. I learned later that he refused to allow any animal with which he had "established social relations," to be killed.

I was very raw at this time, full of American turns of phrase which produced pained expressions on Mr. Churchill's face. I regret to say that on my very first afternoon I was rash enough

Continued on page 35

PAUL BRICKHILL

—master of the real-life story—

writes his most powerful book yet

REACH FOR THE SKY

The life of legless hero

DOUGLAS BADER

IN a fortnight's time, JOHN BULL begins publication of one of the most moving stories of human endeavour and courage ever written. It is called *Reach For The Sky*, and is a masterly study of the life of Group Captain Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., legless leader of "The Few."

There has been no greater hero of the twentieth century than Douglas Bader. A dashing young airman who lost both his legs in a flying accident in 1931, he not only taught himself to walk again on artificial legs, but to play golf, tennis, squash. And to fly again—to fly so well that he became one of Britain's greatest pilots.

In Bader's life there was obviously material for a great book—*if the right author could be found.* Such a man was Paul Brickhill, the most successful writer of real-life stories to emerge since the war.

Brickhill's best-selling book, *The Dam Busters*—so successfully serialized in JOHN BULL in 1951—had greatly impressed Douglas Bader. They were both former fighter pilots, both had been prisoners in Germany. They agreed to write the book together.

Paul Brickhill as a fighter pilot in 1943

Brickhill pored over Bader's documents, letters, reports and photographs, interviewed his many friends. With a recording machine, he sat with Bader night after night for months until he knew enough to write his life with the vivid living detail of a novel.

Piece by piece the story came alive . . . Bader's rambling, confused thoughts as he lay crumpled in the wreckage of his plane . . . the tense moment in hospital when he learnt that his legs had been amputated . . . the deeply moving scene in the ward as Bader, refusing to use a stick, made his first stumbling steps on his new artificial legs to the accompaniment of jovial barracking from the other patients—"*barracking that slowly died away as they became aware that they were watching a man battling to do something that had never been done successfully before, with only his dogged courage to help him and a crippled life ahead if he failed. . . .*"

There were scenes of *humour*, too—Bader trying to drive a car, using his mother's umbrella to work the pedals ; *tenderness* as he danced his first steps with his fiancée, Thelma; *triumph* as he first hit a golf ball after falling twelve times on his face in an effort to keep his precarious balance; *drama* as he struggled to heave himself out of a shot-up plane and found his right leg caught in the cockpit. . . .

Reach For The Sky—the result of two years of research and writing—is a masterpiece of its kind. It begins in JOHN BULL on March 27.

There will be a great demand to read this memorable story. The only way to make sure of your copy is to . . . ORDER IT IN ADVANCE.

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Please deliver/reserve John Bull every week

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Surrounded by his trophies, the colonel kept watch. One thing he was certain of: the leopard would return. And he would be waiting up for it

Leopard at large

by F. W. HOLIDAY

The old colonel roared with delight. So it was a savage, ravening leopard, was it? By gad, he was just the man!

BEFORE THE DOCTOR LEFT, he stopped to exchange a few serious words with Laura Blane, the old colonel's housekeeper. "I wish there was something I could do. But I'm afraid. . . ."

He shook his head half-irritably. "Damn it, there's nothing much physically wrong with him; it's just that he's losing the will to live. A man of eighty. . . . Many old people get like that. It's nature's way of calling us on."

"Ay, doctor," Laura said. She watched his lips, a hand nervously tucking her white hairs under a linen mob-cap. "It's right enough, right enough," she said. "I can't get him to take an interest in anything these days. Forty years in the army and men hurrying to do his bidding, and all the wild fighting and the honours. . . . Each year takes it farther away from him."

She sighed, and the doctor looked at her with sad understanding.

Upstairs, in the big quiet house, the subject of the doctor's visit was lying in bed and staring at the ceiling with lack-lustre eyes. The old man was only a shadow of his former fierce self. His moustache was still spotless, but now it was unkempt. At the table by his bedside were various patent invalid tonics and a bowl of clear soup, carefully made by Laura herself. It was steaming itself to coldness.

Now and then, half-wistfully, the dull gaze would wander from the ceiling and pass over the walls and furnishings of the room. For it had been the colonel's last order, before he took to his bed, that the bed be set up in the library. The reason for this was heart-breakingly obvious: in the library were the pitiful remains of the world that he had once known. Like a child clutching a Teddy bear, he wanted to die among his beloved treasures.

There was nothing in the room, from the carpets brought from Isfahan, to the pelt of the Himalayan bear by the fireplace, that didn't stir his faded memories. By the table under the window was a model field-gun of brass, built to scale by craftsmen in the colonel's old regiment. One entire wall was devoted to eastern weapons with a fine pair of silver daggers, conspicuously in the centre, that had been presented to the colonel by some forgotten chieftain of the Punjab. The first World War was represented by dozens of pieces, from a German trench-mortar by the fireplace to the huge polished nose of a Big Bertha shell by the door.

But the heads were the cream of the collection. Along the walls of the library every sort of game-head looked down: nylghau, sambur, takin, panther, tiger, pig and many more. These were the colonel's dearest treasures. He had shot each of these great beasts himself on foot.

But of late he had become tired of watching

Continued on page 36

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Tom Warlum looks for trouble at every floor

by JOHN MAY

When a lift gets stuck, Tom hurries to the rescue. He may find a mischievous pet kitten—or six overweight policemen

SEVERAL DINNER-JACKETED directors were coming down in a lift after a staff dance in a London store, when a fuse blew and the car jerked to a standstill between floors. The men were imprisoned. Somebody outside made a telephone call, and in minutes Tom Warlum, a lift service mechanic who lives at Bexleyheath, Kent, was on his way. Meantime, one of the waiting directors impatiently demanded that the fire brigade be summoned, too.

In spite of heavy traffic, Tom Warlum covered the thirteen miles by car in just over twenty minutes, but arrived to find two firemen already dismantling the brake which had automatically clamped on as the power cut off. He ordered them to stop immediately, replaced the fuse and brought the lift down normally. "If I had arrived half a minute later, nothing could have prevented the car plunging down the shaft out of control."

Lifts have an excellent safety record, according to technicians, but accidents inevitably occur. Before the war, Tom Warlum tested the lift in a block of flats where a child had just been killed. A nursemaid had returned from a walk with a pram, lifted one child out and turned to the other. The first ran to the back of the open lift, the hinged landing doors blew shut, and somebody above simultaneously pressed the call button. As the lift began to ascend with the car gate still open, the child tried to dash out. His weight on the spring floor stopped the car, but he was caught between the lift floor's edge and the lintel of the landing.

A gentle-mannered, wiry six-footer in his fifties, Thomas Frederick Warlum is one of about five hundred supervisors, test engineers, examiners and repair men who, from sixteen branches in various parts of Britain, look after approximately ten thousand lifts of all makes for the London firm of Waygood-Otis Ltd. The firm's London lift examiners work in teams under a dozen supervisors, mostly in compact areas where they service lifts at regular intervals and earn between £11 and £12 a week.

Twelve-mile Dash By Cycle

By day Warlum is an out-station man covering East Kent and outlying parts of Essex, Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire; and as one of the London night emergency team he is on call every fourth night.

One foggy evening, when travel by car was impossible, Warlum pedalled twelve miles to Guy's Hospital on his son's racing bicycle. William Ball, the Waygood-Otis maintenance superintendent, says: "I've never had an excuse from Tom." Called out at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, 1952, to a Clacton hotel, Warlum took his wife with him and afterwards, at the invitation of the management, stayed the day at the hotel. He went out on a night call recently when another lift firm explained that all their men were "out on a beano."

In an emergency, speed is essential. Summoned at two o'clock one morning, Warlum drove so fast that at Blackheath he was stopped by a police car. He explained his mission. "Nothing about, you'd better get cracking," the police said sympathetically. An agitated woman in a dressing-gown awaited him; a veterinary surgeon in a large car was there, too. Warlum opened the basement landing doors, raised the lift, and a perfectly fit kitten sprang out of the pit and dashed away.

Tom Warlum would rather answer frivolous calls than have people take risks. "Too many deaths could have been prevented," he says. Once, a consulting engineer was in a lift which

With a colleague, Tom Warlum (left) goes down the shaft to check machinery. To stop radio interference, students once immobilized a lift

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Tom Warlum answers an emergency call to rescue office-workers trapped in a lift. Mechanics say that anyone trapped like this should call for help—and wait. Trying to get out is dangerous

stopped five feet above the third floor at his office block. Knowing something of machinery, he opened the car gate, reached round the side to release the landing gate and swung himself down from the edge of the lift floor. Missing the landing, he plummeted down the shaft to his death. In a similar incident at Croydon the sole occupant of a large goods lift reached down and stood a chair on the landing. When he stepped on it, the chair tilted and fell with him past several floors into the pit.

"Neither building was deserted, I believe, and both men could probably have called for help," says Warlum. Modern lifts have an alarm button and sometimes even a telephone. But some servants trapped in the lift of a private residence in Knightsbridge, London, had no such aids.

Milkman Called The Police

The family had gone away and the servants stayed in the lift from one Friday until the Monday, when the milkman, seeing that his bottles had not been collected, called the police. The women were rescued in a state of collapse. Yet mechanics insist that anyone imprisoned in a lift car should await help rather than try to get out.

Safety gear today slows a lift that is travelling too fast, or, if the power fails, clamps the car stationary on its guide rails. It is practically foolproof. But one of Warlum's colleagues found a caretaker lying on a plank across the shaft beneath a loaded lift, trying to lever off the safety gear which had operated on the guides. Above him the ropes hung slack. The mechanic unceremoniously hauled the man out by the legs, and was rewarded with a punch on the nose. If the caretaker had released the wedges, the car could have crushed him on the plank, broken through, and plunged down the shaft after him.

Most lift accidents are caused by misuse. Not long ago a lift stopped eighteen inches too low in a block of offices in Baker Street, London. Alone in the car, a girl opened the gate, stepped on to the threshold of the landing, and reached up to release the mechanism of the outer gate. At that moment the lift was called to a higher floor, and responded as if empty. As it rose behind her, the girl sat back. The spring floor stopped the car with her legs jammed against the landing's top lintel.

Overloading a lift may cause an accident. Tom Warlum was once called at dawn to a lift at Croydon where nurses going off night duty had sprung the safety gear by jumping about. A colleague had similar trouble with a lift in a City police station. "It's meant for six people," he told the imprisoned constables, "not six elephants." The men weighed from fourteen to twenty stones each, and instead of the intended nine hundred pounds, the lift was carrying 1,500 lb.

Warlum watches for misuse of lifts. He has reported messengers who keep an automatic lift waiting for them by immobilizing it; flat dwellers who fix the button down with sticking plaster, match ends or chewing gum to ensure they have a car always available; city office "swordsmen" who poke at control buttons with rolled umbrellas; a Folkestone girl operator whose long fingernail jammed the stop button; London University students who immobilized a lift to prevent radio interference; and firemen, who now receive training from lift manufacturers.

Comments from lift maintenance and repair men are a big factor in modifying design. A certain make of landing lock used to give trouble. One man called the lift, put his hand on the gate handle, spoke to a friend over his shoulder, opened the gate and stepped into the shaft. The car had risen to another floor. He grabbed the guide rail, slid twelve feet and fell into the pit, but wasn't badly hurt. "Every lock of this kind which we had under maintenance contract was specially tested, and the manufacturer was told of the danger," says one of Warlum's colleagues.

Modern enclosed lifts and shafts are safer than those with gates and grilles. They cannot spread fire from one floor to another, and passengers do not mind speeds of up to five hundred feet per minute if they do not see the walls of the shaft. (Ordinary passenger lifts travel at 150 feet per minute.) The latest collective lift saves the wages of an operator by automatically answering all calls in order in its direction of travel, no matter who presses the button first. But there is no law to force owners of office blocks and dwellings to modernize their lifts or even to take needed precautions.

Scared By Stuffed Gorilla

One of Tom Warlum's worst moments was when he saw a figure lying in a lift pit in a disused basement near Victoria, London. The caretaker called a policeman, who took one look and telephoned for an ambulance. But when Warlum climbed down, he found only a tailor's dummy. Another time, he stepped backwards into a lift in the dark basement of a King's College students' hostel, and his hair prickled with fright as he was embraced by the furry arms of a stuffed gorilla. His narrowest escape was when he clambered out of a pit only a few seconds before a dismantled three-ton freight lift crashed into it.

On night calls Warlum works alone. He started in lift maintenance and repair as a boy of sixteen and met his wife while on a job. She was working at the office which called him in. Their son, Dennis, is today with his father's firm.

"Late last summer," says Mrs. Warlum, "Tom had his record night." Just before 9 p.m. he was called to the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge; at midnight to the Knightsbridge Hotel; at 3 a.m. to St. George's Hospital in the same neighbourhood; and finally, at 6 a.m., to a trapped night-watchman in the City. He was due that morning at Ramsgate by eight o'clock.

Warlum covers about 20,000 miles a year. He has worked in flashproof lifts in the catalytic cracking towers of the Isle of Grain oil refinery; in lifts large enough to take a loaded furniture pantechnicon; flooded seaside lifts filled with sand; lifts in liners; and, at a foreign embassy, on a special lift designed, for security reasons, to stop only at certain floors.

Policeman Was Suspicious

The make of lift or its maintenance responsibility is never questioned on an urgent call. One wet summer night Warlum had to go to a call in the West End. He parked his car, but couldn't find the building, and was wandering round with a bag of tools when a policeman began questioning him. An Italian in a hurry had been imprisoned in a lift between floors, and while Warlum climbed out on to the roof, found the machine room, and strenuously wound the car down by hand against the brake, the doubting policeman waited in the hall.

"When I came down," says Warlum, "the hall porter was roaring with laughter. The Italian had given the policeman ten shillings for fetching help, and both had gone." THE END

In this White City hurdles event, Jean Desforges (centre) came second. The winner was Maureen Gardner (right); Sheila Pratt (left) was third

Jean Desforges keeps her temper—and her titles

by JACK ATACK

A slow start, a swerve, or a brush with a hurdle means automatic defeat for nine out of ten athletes. Jean is the tenth one, because she races with her head, too

AS THE STARTING GUN cracked for the final of the eighty-metres hurdles, the crowd at the White City Stadium groaned. Jean Desforges, a member of the British team racing against France in 1951, was running off balance. Her three opponents cleared the first hurdle before her. At the eighth hurdle she was still well behind.

Suddenly, with reserve that startled everyone, Jean put on an extra spurt and broke the tape a foot in front of her astonished opponents. "Their energy was sapped before the finish," says Joan Linsell, a team-mate. "As usual, Jean had kept her head where others might have panicked and lost."

The right temperament, coupled with natural ability, have enabled Jean Desforges to win fourteen firsts, ten seconds and three thirds at eighteen international matches—including the 1952 Olympics and the 1950 Empire and European Games—in the last seven years. Today she holds the British long-jump record and has set up several new track and match records for the hurdles and hundred-yards sprint in various parts of the country.

At twenty-four she faces each event with a cool, almost stoical assurance that surprises her team-mates and rivals. "Nothing ruffles her," says one opponent. "She accepts misfortunes as a challenge." In a final effort to break a near-tie in one race, Jean lengthened her stride and broke her rhythm. She crashed into three hurdles in a row and her chance seemed to have gone. "Instead of giving up," recalls Joan Linsell, "she sprinted harder than ever and came a close second."

A trim girl of five feet eight inches with soft grey eyes, a dimpled face and rich brown hair, Jean Desforges belies the burlesque version of the mannish woman athlete. Her weight varies from ten stone seven during the winter to nine stone ten at the height of the athletic season. On the track she rarely loses her composure.

"If I worried about every event I entered," she says, "I'd have no energy left." One of her friends has another theory: "Jean listens to everyone's troubles before a race and

With her boy friend, Ron Pickering—he is a physical education teacher—Jean Desforges looks back through her athletics scrap book

tries to comfort them. It acts as an outlet for her own anxiety."

Beneath her calmness on the track lies a determination that others are quick to notice when she is roused. In the 1952 Inter-Counties Championships at Ilford, Essex, she was entered for the hurdles but omitted from the hundred-yards sprint. The track was in excellent condition and Jean was in top form. When club officials refused to include her in the sprint her verdict was immediate: "No hundred—no hurdles." The officials were forced to change their minds, and she won the race in a record 10.9 seconds.

Jean has twice broken the record for the hundred-yards sprint—although neither occasion was recognized officially because of the technicality of a following wind—but she has to fight a constant battle to convince officials that she is a sprinter.

Coach Corrected Her Style

She claims that a hurdler must be a sprinter first. "If an athlete can do the hundred-yards sprint in 11.2 seconds, he can do the eighty-metres hurdles in the same time." According to friends, her displays of nerve and endurance on the track owe much to the fact that she trains with men. "It forces her to give her best," says her coach, Franz Stampfl. For ten hours every week, winter and summer, she practises starts, strides and bursts as well as hurdles, long-jump and discus-throwing technique. "Today," says one of her opponents, "she is in far better condition than most professional football players."

Miss Desforges has not always been so conscientious. "When she first came to me two years ago," Stampfl says, "she had the 'health and beauty' conception of training. Worse than that, her style was all wrong. Because she was tall with long legs and an outsize stride she was leaning too far forward. It ruined her timing. I had to alter all that." Today Jean runs leaning only slightly forward. She sprints the distance from hurdle to hurdle with precise timing and takes each one smartly, snapping down on the other side for the next sprint.

Because of her coolness on the track, Jean is usually picked to finish in relays. When she was handed the baton in the 1952 Inter-Counties Championships, her team was behind. With twenty yards to go and on the outside lane of the bend, Jean crept up to her opponents, passed them and won.

She does not agree that constant training breeds staleness. "An athlete may become stale mentally, but not physically," she maintains. When Jean decided she needed to relax from hurdling last year, without getting out of practice, she took up the long-jump. A few months later, in Birmingham, she shattered a twenty-three year old record by jumping nineteen feet, five and three-quarter inches.

Crashed Into Three Hurdles

Jean's reputation on the British track has not always been as secure as it is today. After coming up from the position of a comparative unknown in 1947, she was beaten in the first race of the following year at Coventry and, after that, lost four races in rapid succession. Experts thought she was finished. The climax came during the British championships at Chiswick. She hit the first hurdle and knocked it flying. Flustered and anxious, she crashed into the next two hurdles. "It put me out of the race altogether," she says. "At the time I thought it was the end of my athletic career."

By the next year she was back in form and won the eighty-metres hurdles in the British championships and in the international match against France and Holland. She was also selected to represent Britain in the Empire Games in New Zealand the following year. At the Southern Counties match in 1950 she won the hurdles and broke the championship record.

Determined to improve her style, she had four coaches in four years until she found her present coach, Franz Stampfl. A volatile Austrian who cheerfully admits to slave-driving his athletes—including Roger Bannister and Chris Chataway—Stampfl says: "Jean has the ideal temperament for competition. She's determined—but self-controlled. She never works herself into a state of nerves in the dressing-room before an event or saps her energy by excessive warming-up."

Steak Dinner Before Race

With an easy, swinging gait that typifies her confidence, she takes her place on the track only minutes before an event starts. Thorough and methodical, she carries her own hammer, tape measure and starting blocks. Before a race, she studies the condition of the track, the direction of the wind and the state and style of the hurdles. For extra grip on a loose track she wears special spikes. "Jean likes a hearty meal before a race," says one of her team-mates, Iris Pond. "Before the hurdles event at Neinberg last year she tucked into a steak dinner while the rest of us could only peck at our food."

While she is usually casual and unruffled on the track, she has been known to lose her temper on occasions. After what some members of her team considered an infringement in one long-jump event, the officials started arguing fiercely. "Jean told them to keep quiet and stand back," a friend recalls. "She jumped farther than she had ever jumped before." On another occasion a rival club objected to a member of Jean's team participating in a race. Roused, she entered the eighty-metres hurdles, long-jump, 220-yards sprint, discus-throw and relay race herself, and won three firsts and two seconds for her team.

An athlete once tried to break down her nerve before a race. She suggested that Jean should let her win since her father had promised to buy her a sports car if she won. Jean's reply was acid: "Is he buying cars for the losers as well?" Another time, when an official told her to sit down while she was warming up for a race, she snapped: "If people are going to get their money's worth, we have to warm up—sit down yourself."

In the fierce competition of amateur athletics she has maintained a popularity that is almost unique. After the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki she was the only woman athlete from the British team to be invited to the Russian camp. "She displayed her usual calm," recalls a male colleague. "Some of the members wondered what to talk about. Jean struck up a conversation on fashions." But for Britain's top woman athlete the occasion was disappointing. "I had expected vodka and caviar," she says. "Instead we had apples and biscuits."

Jean Desforges has been trimming minutes and seconds off official and unofficial records since she was a girl. She won her first race when she left twelve boys standing at a Coronation party in Forest Gate, where she still lives. At high school, where there was no outdoor track, she practised in the sixty-foot-long school corridor. Wearing rubber-soled gym shoes, she found it difficult to start on the parquet floor. It was even more difficult to stop.

Voted Top Woman Athlete

After winning the hurdles and long-jump in the British championships at White City and the Pentathlon Championships in Birmingham within two months last year, Jean was voted top woman athlete of the year by the Women's Amateur Athletic Association. She is frequently called on to defend her hobby.

When she went to a doctor at a London hospital after she injured herself on the track he launched into an attack on women athletes. "She told him what she thought of his attitude and indignantly marched out of the consulting room," says a friend who was with her. On other occasions she has written blistering letters to editors of newspapers and magazines.

Although, as an amateur, she makes no money from running and jumping, she likes the thrill of athletics. "But," she claims, "it is an expensive hobby." Spikes cost more than £3, starting blocks four guineas and track suits 58s. To economize she makes her own vests and shorts. Apart from enjoying the sensation of running at top speed, Jean likes travelling. She has raced in New Zealand, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Finland, Luxembourg and Panama—in rain, snow, sleet, wind and broiling sunshine.

Things do not always go as smoothly as she would wish. One hurdle was so badly rusted that it would not fall, and when Jean struck it at top speed she turned a half-somersault in mid air and landed on the cinder track, grazing her arms and legs. Bleeding and badly bruised, she limped in to the finish.

Knocked Official Into Pit

At a time when Jean was half a stone overweight, her coach decided that women should pole vault to strengthen their arm muscles. She shot up to the top but, without the strength in her arms to carry her body over the bar, had to let go and dropped ten feet into the pit.

On another occasion, after she broke the British long-jump record at Birmingham, she jumped up to hear the result and knocked an official, who had stepped forward to congratulate her, into the sand pit.

Such occasions are rare, however. At a match in Glasgow in 1951 her imperturbability reached classic heights. Outside the hotel where the English team stayed, workers were tearing up the road with pneumatic drills. It was midnight and, unable to sleep, one of the athletes went to Jean's room to see what could be done. She knocked and called in vain. Inside, Jean was sleeping peacefully. The next day she came second in the long-jump and won the eighty-metres hurdles decisively—after a final burst in the last twelve metres. THE END

THE STRANGE LAND

by *HAMMOND INNES*

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

So Jan's story was true—there *was* a silver mine at Kasbah Foum. But that was only half of it: someone was already at work there

JAN KAVAN, the nervous wreck I had smuggled out of Tangier, claimed to own a silver mine. The rights had been given to him by a French fellow-prisoner during the dark days of the war, he said. It was an incredible story. But everything about Kavan was incredible. . . .

He had landed at Tangier during a gale, telling me that Wade, the skipper of the yacht, had fallen overboard at sea. He had then, for reasons of his own, assumed Wade's identity. I wanted no part in this deception, but something about the man—his sincerity, his urgency—made me help him.

My name is Philip Latham, and I had hired Kavan, a Czech doctor, for my mission station in the Moroccan hills. He had left England in such mysterious circumstances, he said, because the Czechs were after him to "help" them: he was doing secret work for the British Government. They threatened to exert pressure on his wife, Karen, still in Prague.

But now Karen had escaped. She, too, was in Morocco. I had seen her, and told her she would be welcome at the mission. . . . What a hollow invitation that was! To my inexpressible grief and shock, I found the mission ruined—obliterated in a landslide. The only survivor was Julie Corrigan, a friend of mine; her brother had been killed in the disaster.

It was then, when I was numbed and homeless, that Kavan tried to give me hope. Join him in working the silver mine, he pleaded; there would be money enough to raise a fine new mission. I was tempted, and yet—suspicious. Already the police were investigating his mysterious arrival. And other people were interested in the mine—Ali d'Es-Skhira, a Berber nationalist and his agent, a Greek called Kostos. There was a rumour, too, that a man called Ed White had been making inquiries—that he was actually in the district.

All the same, one night, I found myself climbing into a bus—a "caravan" bus where Julie had lived with her brother. The three of us, Julie, Kavan and I, were going over the mountains to the silver mine. It was at Kasbah Foum, in the Zone of Insecurity. . . .

PART 3

Zone Of Insecurity

As soon as we were across the divide, the mountains changed abruptly, as though to emphasize that we were entering upon a wild, strange land. Where, on the northern side, there had been scrub and small trees and slopes of snow glimmering white in the dawn, there was nothing now but naked rock. The sky was pale, a duck's egg, pastel blue, and above us to the left were piled-up cliffs of sand-blasted stone that flanked the valley in a long

Julie picked up an ornament and gasped with delight. Legard turned to us and explained: "Kasbah Foum was once famous for its silver"

ridge, its battlements picked out in gold as the sun rose in the east.

It was a beautiful, pitiless country.

We stopped for breakfast where the road crossed the first big torrent of melted snow. It was bitterly cold with a chill wind whistling down the valley from the peaks behind us. Yet, by the time the tea was made, the sun had risen above the red rock fortresses of the ridge, the wind had gone, and it was suddenly hot. The abruptness of the change was startling.

It was then that Julie remembered she had some letters for me. There were two from England—a Bible society tract and an offer of old clothes from some association I had never heard of. The third was postmarked Tangier and was from Karen Kavan. As we had agreed, she had written to me, not to Jan. It simply announced that her employers—she had found herself a job as governess with an American family—were taking a trip south and would be staying at the Hotel Mamounia for Christmas and then going on next day to Ouarzazate and Tinerhir. She was travelling with them and she gave the telephone numbers of the hotels they were staying at.

I handed Jan the letter. "It's from your wife."

He scanned it eagerly. "Ouarzazate on the twenty-sixth," he said wonderingly. "And today is. . . ."

"The twenty-third." Julie said.

He folded the letter slowly and put it in his breast pocket. "I can't believe it," he said.

Julie smiled at me, and for a moment we shared his sweet pleasure.

We rested for a while and then pulled out on to the road again. It was not long before we came to the first of the *kasbahs*—Irhim N'Oudal—a little, square-towered mud fort with cracked walls and elegant, sand-eroded tracery. I wondered how it was possible for humans to support themselves in this dead, sun-blistered land.

The road ran gently down the valley of the Imini and emerged on to an arid, stony plain. The mountains dropped behind until I could see them in the mirror as a long brown wall topped with snow. Julie was asleep in her own compartment at the back of the caravan, Jan sprawled out on the berth behind me. I was alone at the wheel with the road reeling out ahead of me and the blazing sun and the blue sky and the parched earth. Ahead were the humped shapes of a range of low, dark hills. Beyond them was the Sahara.

It was strange and a little frightening. This was the most recently conquered part of Morocco. Barely twenty years ago, Marshal Lyautey and his troops had still been fighting here. The whole area was run by the military—by *les officiers des Affaires Indigènes*. There were few Europeans, and until quite recently it had been known as the Zone of Insecurity.

We passed the turning to the manganese mines of Imini and then we were running through Amergane and El Mdint. The white *kasbah* of Tifoultout stood like a fairy castle on a little rise on the far side of the river, and after that the road was straight and tree-lined, ending abruptly in a hill with a fort on it. We were driving into Ouarzazate.

The town was largely French, a single street pushed between two small hills. On the right was the military post. The road leading up to it was signposted TERRITOIRE. And then I saw a second signpost—GÎTE D'ETAPES. The name struck a memory. Kavan had mentioned a man named Ed White who had been interested in Kasbah Foum, who had been staying in Gîte d'Etapes. I turned up a sharp hill, climbing to a long low building with a tower built like a *kasbah*.

"Why have you turned up here?" Jan asked, roused from his sleep by the change in the engine note.

"I want to phone Frehel," I said. Frehel was the civil controller at Enfida, where the mission had been. "Also, your friend Ed White stayed here."

"Ed White?" He looked puzzled for a moment. "Of course."

We went into the hotel. The place was centrally heated and very warm. A French officer seated at a table reading a magazine glanced at us idly. Then madame appeared and I asked her whether she knew a Mr. White.

"*Mais oui, monsieur.* An American. He has stayed here several times."

"On holiday?" I asked.

"*En vacance? Non, non, monsieur.* He is a prospector."

"A prospector!" Jan's voice was suddenly interested. "Is he staying here now, madame?"

"*Non, monsieur.* He has not been here for several weeks now."

"Do you know where he is?"

"*Un moment.*" She went behind the desk and picked up a notebook, running her finger down the pages. "*Ah, oui.* He left instructions for us to forward his letters to the office of *monsieur le capitaine* at the military post of Foum-Skhira."

So Ed White was at Kasbah Foum!

"I suppose he didn't say what he was prospecting for?" Jan asked.

"*Non, non.*" Madame laughed. "Prospectors do not talk about what they are searching for. But probably it is uranium. Always they dream of uranium now."

"Did a Monsieur Kostos stay here last night or the night before?" I asked her.

"*Non, monsieur.*"

I PHONED Frehel then and told him where he could find me. And while I was doing that, Jan wrote a note for his wife. He left it with madame and we went back to the bus, driving out of Ouarzazate by a road that forded the river not far from the great *kasbah* of Taourirt.

Everything was very still in the sunlight, and as the wheels splashed and bumped over the stones of the river bed, we could see the *kasbah* reflected in the water. It was a completely walled town, crowding up out of the *palmerie* in tower after tower, standing out against the blue of the sky like a part of the desert country in which it was built.

And then we were clear of the water and climbing the narrow, ploughed-up surface of the *piste*, the desert track, climbing up through a long valley that led into the foothills of the Anti-Atlas. All about us were dark, sombre hills, shadowed by the stones that littered their slopes, closing up behind us and hemming us in so that we could no longer see the clean, white wall of the High Atlas.

All afternoon we struggled through those dark, satanic hills. Dust seeped up through the floorboards in choking clouds from the fine-ground powder of the *piste*. It got in our clothes and in our nostrils. It powdered our hair grey.

We climbed steadily upwards and then dropped steadily down. For an hour we wound round the tops of those gorges until, as the sun set, we came out on to a hilltop and, far below us, saw the Dras Valley, a green ribbon of palm trees. And there, on a little hill, was the military post of Agdz.

We had a meal then and slept, and at two in the morning we drove through sleeping Agdz and down the valley of the Dras. The *piste* was white and ground as fine as talcum powder.

Julie was driving now. I could see her face in the light from the dashboard; an intent, serious, competent face. Her black hair was grey with dust, her eyes narrowed as they peered ahead along the beam of the headlights. Her hands were brown and slender on the dusty ebony of the wheel, and every now and then she beat at her knees to restore her circulation. A bitter wind blew in through the chinks in the windscreen, but our feet were warm in the

Jan reached into his breast pocket. "I hold the de

heat of the engine, which came up from the floorboards with a musty smell of dust mixed with engine oil.

I was remembering how I had first met her. It must have been seven years ago, when I was in Tangier. Her mother had died and left Julie and her brother George some money, and they'd come out to Tangier because in Tangier there were no taxes. I had helped them get their money out.

JULIE had been little more than a schoolgirl then, wide-eyed, excited by everything, deeply concerned at the poverty she saw existing side by side with the rich elegance of the crooks and the tax evaders who occupied the villas on La Montagne.

They had stayed for a few months, and then they had gone to Greece and on to Turkey and Syria.

It wasn't difficult to understand why Julie had stayed with her brother. He had given her all the excitement and colour she had wanted. And it suited George, for he was

ds to this property," he said. The American took a pace forward; his tone suddenly hardened. "What the hell goes on here?" he said. "Is everyone screwy?"

interested in little else but his painting.

She glanced at me suddenly and our eyes met. "What are you thinking about, Philip?" she asked. "About what an odd trip this is?"

"No," I said. "I was thinking about you."

"Oh." Her mouth spread in a smile and the corners of her eyes crinkled with laughter. "I was wondering what you were going to do now."

She shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing. I was conscious of the stillness between us. It was as though we had suddenly touched each other and then quickly withdrawn. I felt a softening in the marrow of my bones, and I sat back, watching her face, absorbing the straight line of her nose, the smallness of her ears, the way her hair curled at the back of her neck.

I had never though of her quite like that before. And now. . . . Now, I didn't quite know.

"What's that? Up there." Jan's voice cut across my thoughts, tense and excited. He was leaning over my shoulder and pointing through the windshield. We were climbing now, and far ahead, high up where the dark shadow of a hill cut across the starry velvet of the sky, the yellow pinpoint of a fire showed.

Our radiator was boiling by the time we reached it. It was a petrol fire flickering ghost-like out of a pile of stones beside a battered jeep. Four men were huddled round it. Three of them were town Arabs, but the fourth was a Berber, and behind him his two camels stood motionless, hobbled by the foreleg. We stopped and I called out to them, inquiring if the *piste* led to Foum-Skhira.

All three Arabs stared at us nervously, whispering together, the whites of their eyes gleaming in the headlights. It was the Berber who answered. *"Iyyeh, sidi."* Yes, Foum-Skhira was beyond the mountain. The *piste* had been washed away by the rains, but it was almost repaired now. The *souk*, the market, at Foum-Skhira had also been washed away. He shook his head gloomily. "Thanks be to Allah, I have left that place."

The three Arabs had got to their feet. They were moving nervously towards their jeep, which still carried the American Army star.

Abruptly, Julie started the bus. As we moved off, she said: "I didn't like the look of them. I'm sure that jeep wasn't their own."

We climbed steadily up the mountainside. Out on the top it was bitterly cold. There was nothing between us and the snow-capped peaks of the Atlas, and the sense of space was immense. We stopped and made some tea.

I took over the driving then and we started down the mountain, which was black in shadow and cleft by the start of a deep gorge. Below us lay a brown valley, and in it the sun-baked walls of a *kasbah*. It was Kasbah Foum-Skhira, and close by were the forts of the French post.

Away to the south the valley opened out, vanishing into the morning haze as though running straight out into the sands of the Sahara. We swung down in sharp curves until we came to a crumbling cliff and looked down a thousand feet into the black depths of a gorge. The *piste* seemed to hang on the very edge of

Continued on page 24

Gordon Cox hovers to the jungle rescue

by KEITH ELLIS

Scorning forest and swamp, he drops his helicopter neatly into a clearing; within minutes a wounded soldier is bound for hospital. It's all part of the "taxi service" spanning Malaya

With their children Mrs. Cox watches her husband take off. They live in a pleasant detached house with views of the mountains

From the cabin, Cox checks with Jacques before taking off. Both men have landed helicopters in almost impossible places—like mountain sides

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA

A HELICOPTER puttered slowly over the undulating green of the Malayan jungle. Stripped to the waist in the steaming heat, Master Pilot Gordon Cox was flying to a jungle fort to evacuate a soldier wounded in the unending fight against the terrorists. Suddenly, a puff of white smoke rose from a clearing. This was an R.A.F. landing signal. Cox swept down and hovered over the treetops.

It looked like an army patrol below. "One of the men," says Cox, "was running about holding a towel to his face." Cox landed and found that the section officer had accidentally set off a phosphorus bomb which had badly burned his face. Helicopter pilots are allowed to use their discretion, and Cox knew that the casualty at the jungle fort could safely be left until the next day. "I flew the officer to Betong for medical attention," he recalls. "He would have been entitled to a helicopter evacuation in any case. He was just lucky I happened to be passing."

Tackle Any Kind Of Odd Job

The first R.A.F. helicopter arrived in Malaya in 1950. Now British troops regard them as one of the amenities of jungle life—"a kind of taxi service," says Squadron Leader Ronald Henderson, the officer commanding the Kuala Lumpur squadron. Though troops seldom hail them from the ground, the helicopters have gradually extended their scope from "casevacs"—as the R.A.F. calls casualty evacuations—to every kind of odd job. They have searched for lost patrols, brought back important captured enemy documents, and even, on one occasion, supplied cooked rice to Gurkhas. "But casevacs," says Henderson, "have remained our number one priority."

Since 1950 the helicopters have evacuated about 450 casualties from country inaccessible to any other kind of transport. They have reduced from two weeks to thirty-five minutes the time taken to move a sick man through forty miles of dense jungle. "Almost more important than getting out the injured man," says Henderson, "is the raising of morale. When they see a helicopter, the troops feel they're in touch with the outside world."

Around noon one day, seven Gurkhas were patrolling a rubber estate. They were not expecting trouble. Suddenly shots rang out and one of the Gurkhas collapsed with severe stomach wounds. The nearest telephone was five miles away. Twenty minutes after one of the survivors had phoned for help, a helicopter took off from Kuala Lumpur, a hundred miles away by road. At 4.30 p.m. the Gurkha was on the operating-table.

Aged thirty-two, Gordon Cox is the "character" of his squadron, and is universally addressed as "Whacker." One of the most experienced pilots in the squadron, Cox has flown his full share of casevacs. He has carried to hospital a Malayan soldier with an abscessed liver, and a British private injured by a canister of supplies dropped from the air. One of his patients, a Gurkha whose tent had caught fire, was badly burned. "He died four days later in hospital," says Cox, "but, so far, not a single patient has died on the journey."

From dawn to dusk, a helicopter stands by for immediate take-off to any point in the Malayan peninsula. After sending for help, the wounded man's comrades move him to a suitable clearing or start to hack one out themselves. The necessary area is half the size of a football pitch, or a circle of fifty yards diameter with the inner thirty yards razed to the ground and the rest cut to a height of three or four feet. "By now, most units understand what's required," says Henderson, "but at first, some of the clearings were a bit rough."

Cox was once asked to evacuate a Fijian soldier from a hilltop clearing. An Auster pilot had reconnoitered it in advance and, though he said a landing would be difficult, Cox decided to see for himself. "It was quite impossible," he says. "In the end they had to carry the sick man to the foot of the hill and cut a clearing there."

Hovered By Steep Hillside

Some of the early clearings were so rudimentary that considerable feats of airmanship were called for. The only member of the squadron who has been in Malaya longer than Cox is Flight Lieutenant Greville Jacques, a chubby-faced enthusiast who, at twenty-nine, is flight commander and the youngest pilot in the squadron. Some time ago, he was asked to evacuate a casualty from a "clearing" on the side of a hill with a thirty-degree slope. Unable to land, he flew in slowly until the front wheel of his undercarriage rested against the hillside. Then, with the rest of the aircraft projecting horizontally from the slope, he hovered. "My rotor-blades were almost thrashing the hillside," he says. "I stayed just long enough for the patient to be hoisted on to someone's shoulders and bundled into the back seat." Jacques, like some other pilots, has also rescued a patient from swamp country by hovering a foot off the ground while the man was hoisted aboard.

Perhaps the most spectacular evacuation was made two years ago by Flight Lieutenant John Dowling, when a patrol of Cameronians were tracking two bandits through swamp country with a dog. Early in the hunt, a soldier was wounded and Dowling made a routine evacuation. The patrol pressed deeper and deeper into the swamp, convinced that the bandits were

Squadron Leader Henderson (hatless) helps to load a casualty. He believes that helicopters do more than transport the injured—they raise morale

trapped somewhere ahead. But they found that the swamp was rising and that the bandits were farther away than ever. They turned to go back, but the water was too deep. They were trapped.

When their radio call for help was picked up, Dowling was sent out. By the time he arrived, the water had risen to the soldiers' necks, and they were desperately building a platform. Hovering as close to the water as he could, Dowling called for one of them to climb aboard. He then flew back to base and returned for his second passenger. Flying almost continuously for the daylight period of two days, he evacuated fourteen men and one dog. The dog thoroughly enjoyed the journey.

The helicopters, which cruise at a mere sixty-five miles an hour and often fly lower than their normal operational height of two thousand feet, would seem an ideal target for bandit anti-aircraft gunners. "But they never fire on us," says Henderson, "because they know that where there are helicopters, troops are not far away. An attack would give away their position."

Unseen Bandits Lay In Wait

One pilot who was flying an army major on reconnaissance did have a narrow escape. Flying over a clearing, they both thought they saw something move, and the pilot wheeled round to investigate. They found nothing, but, still not satisfied, the pilot plunged down and circled the clearing four times—seeing nothing. Then they climbed and made for home. A few days later, a captured bandit was asked to give corroborating evidence for a position he claimed was the site of his camp. "A helicopter passed over a few days ago," he said.

"Anything else?" asked a security officer.

"It circled the camp four times," said the bandit. "Our leader had a Bren gun mounted on a tree. If the helicopter had circled once more, he would have shot it down."

The helicopter ambulance service has also been extended to Malays and aborigines in remote villages. Cases such as beri-beri and malaria—and even pregnant women expecting a difficult confinement—are carried to hospital. "When we first landed on a padang, as they call their village green," says Cox, "the natives would run out of sight. After a while, the children would come up shyly and run their hands over the fuselage. Finally, the adults would return and say, 'Ah, good.' Nowadays, they are so used to helicopters they don't even turn their heads."

Nevertheless, the Malays have come to look on the pilots with something like veneration. Cox was once searching, with a colonel, for the site of a Valetta crash when they were held up by fog and had to land on a village padang. The headman immediately invited the colonel to his house, and Cox and Corporal Clifford Johnson, who was flying with them as crew, were left to look after the aircraft. A band of natives gathered round and, anxious to practise their Malay, the airmen struck up a conversation. The headman returned with the colonel. "In honour of your visit," he announced, "we are going to call the street that runs past the padang Jalan Helicopter. The house on this side we shall call Rumah Cox, and the house on the other side Rumah Johnson."

Cox was lucky that the headman found such an innocent way of expressing respect. Jacques was once staying overnight with an R.A.F. unit in Taiping when the protector of aborigines invited him and his crewman to an exhibition of dancing. "We intended to creep out early," he says, "but we found we were the guests of honour."

While the dancing went on, a native drink was passed freely round. Finally, the headman stood up and made a long speech. "We didn't understand a word of it," says Jacques, "but we clapped for all we were worth. A Malay then got up and said: 'For the benefit of those who don't speak the language, the chief just said that he is delighted with the way our guests dance through the air. He would now like to see them dance on the stage.'" Jacques adds: "We just had to give them a dance, but frankly, I don't remember much about it."

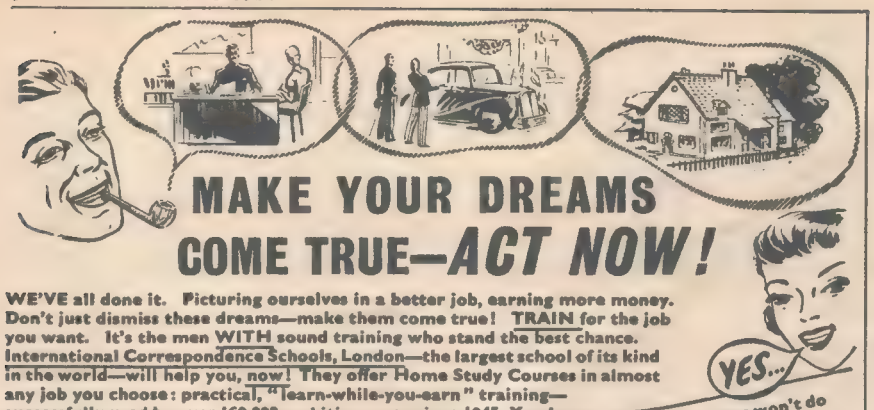
R.A.F. And Navy Are Rivals

A squadron of naval helicopters last year combined with the R.A.F. machines to form a wing. The R.A.F. models carry two passengers—the naval machines can take five and are also equipped to travel by night.

To anyone outside the service, the rivalry between the R.A.F. and navy seems comic. Henderson's pilots assert, quite seriously, that before the naval squadron sets off on an operation, it sends one of its aircraft ahead with a ciné-camera to record its exploits. The naval airmen regard the R.A.F. as enthusiastic amateurs who potter about the jungle in aircraft not really suited to the job.

The use of the naval helicopters for troop-lifting has considerably helped the anti-bandit war. Captain Maurice Sutcliffe, ground liaison officer with the helicopter wing, says: "They can lift anything from a patrol of eighteen men to a force of a thousand. They can reduce a march of perhaps five days to a matter of hours. The troops are fresh when they arrive, and the enemy is taken completely by surprise."

In a recent operation against a terrorist camp, an army force advanced from a main road. The terrorists had retreated into deep jungle. But six naval helicopters had in a single day dropped



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nearly three hundred soldiers in the area. "The terrorists walked straight into the soldiers' arms," says Sutcliffe.

"In this sort of operation," he adds, "the landing is usually in lalang or long grass. The first load of men swarm down a rope, while the helicopter hovers, and start cutting the grass to make a landing-ground. The second batch also swarm down a rope. By the time the third machine has arrived, a large enough clearing has been cut for the helicopter to land."

Perhaps even more important than surprise attacks on the enemy is the service given to jungle forts. In the early stages of the war the bandits demanded food and shelter from the aborigines and Malays. As the British forces were usually days away, the villagers were forced to obey. Now there is a chain of police posts or jungle forts across the remotest parts of the country. Supplies are dropped by air; the helicopters relieve the garrisons.

Trek Through Jungle

The duties of a helicopter crewman mean at the best steady hard work; at the worst, the sort of thing that happened to Sergeant Jack Feeley, a twenty-three year old fitter, when he had been in Malaya only a month.

He was with Flight Lieutenant Dowling on a detachment in the far north-east of Malaya. Dowling was an hour overdue returning from a lone flight to a native village. Then a message arrived, saying he was stranded with a broken fuel pump. No helicopters could be sent from Kuala Lumpur, and Feeley was told to reach Dowling as best he could. "And that," he says, "meant walking."

He and a leading aircraftman, an army lieutenant and four Malay soldiers set off through the jungle. "It should have taken us eight hours," says Feeley, "but there were three rivers to cross. Two were in flood with tree-trunks careering down. We had to wait for the water to subside."

At one point, they made a detour to get out of striking distance of an ugly looking snake. As they crossed a river, leeches sucked their blood. "I held a cigarette to mine," says Feeley, "and they just dropped off. One of the men pulled his away, but the jaws were left buried in his flesh and he had five septic sores." On the evening of the second day they arrived at the village. Next morning they repaired the pump and flew out again. "The pilot's biggest moan," says Feeley, "was that we hadn't brought his tooth-brush."

All the helicopter pilots consider that they have a much more interesting job than the pilots of orthodox aircraft, because the helicopter's manoeuvrability and versatility lets them see much more of the country.

High Cost Of Living

Cox is fortunate in having pleasant, detached married quarters with an excellent view of the mountains and a subsidized rent. With his wife, Ruth, he is producing *Arsenic And Old Lace* at the station theatre club, and is also forming a boxing club. He has three young children.

Jacques lives three-quarters of a mile from the camp, in Kuala Lumpur, and pays £37 10s. a month for a four-room, unfurnished flat. "That's the normal rent here," he says. To enable servicemen to cope with these rents and the high price of food—a pint of milk costs 2s., a pint of beer 5s. 6d.—local allowances are paid by the R.A.F.

One of the constant complaints of wives is that when their husbands are on stand-by duty they can never arrange to go out. Cox ruefully remembers the time he was informed late one night that he would have to set off on a casevac the next morning. He got only a few hours' sleep, and at 4 a.m. he was on his way to the airfield.

"I didn't at all mind getting up," he says, "because I understood I had to evacuate a man with a broken hip. In the clearing, his mates lifted him gently aboard and I flew him carefully to hospital. But the moment we touched down, he jumped out of the plane and started running across the landing-ground."

THE END

THE STRANGE LAND

Continued from page 21

the drop, and as we rounded the cliff we came upon a road gang cutting their way through a fall of rock. Below was a walled *kasbah* with four mud towers, two of which had crumbled away. And beyond it, on the edge of a stream bed, was a little cluster of tents.

Kasbah Foum! It couldn't be anything else, standing like that in the entrance to the gorge. And those would be Ed White's tents. I glanced at Jan. Though his face looked tired under the dust-white stubble, his blue eyes gleamed with excitement. "We're almost there," he breathed.

But it was half an hour before we were driving into Foum-Skhira. The post consisted of two large forts with a big open space like a parade ground between them, and a single European house.

I suggested to Jan that we made contact with the French officer, Capitaine Legard, in charge of the post. But he said: "No. Drive straight on to Kasbah Foum. If those were White's tents, I'd like to find out what he's doing first."

I drove on, past the European house, down towards the *palmerie* where ruined mud walls marked the site where the *souk* had been. There were camels hobbled there, and mules, and there was a large crowd of people who stood and stared at us, not curiously and not hostilely, but with a strange air of waiting for something. It was the same when we skirted the walls of Ksar Foum-Skhira, the village by the *kasbah*. The *palmerie* seemed deserted and the cultivated patches had a neglected look.

Dust rose in choking clouds through the floorboards as we ran along the edge of the *palmerie*. Gradually the trees thinned and fell away.

"There it is!" Jan cried, leaning forward. "Right at the entrance to the gorge. And there's the old city and the watch-tower, just as Marcel described it to me when he gave me the deeds."

THE little *kasbah*, with its two ruined towers, stood out yellow against the black, shadowed immensity of the gorge. I could see the watch-tower, too, and all the hill below it was strewn with the debris of an old stone city. It was strangely impressive, for this was a land of mud buildings, and I wondered who these people were who had built in stone.

Just short of the *kasbah* was the huddle of tents we had looked down on from above. We were very close now. A flash of light momentarily dazzled me. It was a mirror reflecting the sun. A man stood, watching us, a razor in his hand and half of his face white with shaving-soap. He wore a singlet tucked into khaki trousers, and heavy boots.

I pulled up outside the tent and we got stiffly down, our clothes white with the coating of dust we'd picked up crossing the valley.

The man who had been shaving came towards us. He was tall, broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, with a young, rather square, face. He was undoubtedly American—his features, his clothes, everything about him. He was wiping the soap from his face as he came.

"Are you Mr. White?" Jan asked.

"Yeah." He waited, watching Jan uncertainly.

"I believe you were recently in touch with a firm of French lawyers in Rouen."

"That's right. You must be Wade, I guess." There was interest, but no enthusiasm, in his voice.

"Wade was in touch with you, then?" Jan's tone had sharpened.

The man frowned. "You mean you're not Wade?" He sounded puzzled.

"No, I'm not Wade," Jan said, and then he nodded towards the ruined fort. "Is that Kasbah Foum?"

"Yeah."

There was a short, awkward silence. The two of them stared at each other. Jan's gaze shifted to the tented camp

and then followed the broad track that ran up into the entrance of the gorge. The track looked as though it had been made by a bulldozer, for where it passed below the *kasbah* it had been levelled out by thrusting aside the stones and rubble of the old city.

"Well, what do you want?" White's tone had hardened. He looked very young with his fair, cropped hair and freckled face.

"Would you mind telling me what you're doing up there?"

"What business is it of yours?"

Jan reached into his breast pocket. "I hold the deeds to this property," he said.

White stared at him. His mouth had opened in an expression of surprise. But he shut it suddenly and his whole face hardened, so that he looked big and tough and a good deal older. "Is that so?" He seemed to tower over Jan as he took a pace forward. "What the hell goes on here? Is everyone screwy? Yesterday it was a Greek telling me the land belonged to him. Now you come here and tell me——"

"Was the Greek's name Kostos?" I asked.

White seemed to notice me for the first time. "Yeah, that was his name. Kostos." The name seemed to bring the anger that was in him to a sudden head. He swung round on Jan. "Now you get the hell out of here. Both of you. D'you hear? I got a concession from the Sultan's government. That's good enough for me. If you think you own this land, then you go an' tell them so. Okay?"

"I have the documents here," Jan said quietly. "All I want to know is what you're doing up there. You're a prospector, aren't you?"

"Goddammit!" the other exploded. "I'm not interested in documents. The guy who came yesterday had documents. You go an' sort it out with the authorities." His voice was excited, nervous. "Now suppose you get out. I've work to do."

"Why don't you talk it over?" I suggested to White. "You haven't looked at the documents yet."

He jerked round to me angrily. "What sort of a fool do you take me for? Do you think I'd start work here, spending my own dough, without finding out who owns the place? It belonged to a man called Marcel Duprez. It was given him by the Caid here. And Duprez is dead. I found that out from his lawyers. He's dead and he passed the deeds on to a guy called Kavan. Now, according to the Greek, Kavan's dead, too."

"But I am Kavan," Jan said.

White opened his mouth to say something and then stopped.

"You'd better know our names," I said. "This is Dr. Jan Kavan, the man to whom Duprez gave the deeds of Kasbah Foum. And this is Miss Corrigan."

He stared at her for a moment and then turned back to me and said: "And what about you?"

"My name's Philip Latham."

"I mean, what's your interest in this?"

"I haven't any," I told him. "I'm an English missionary out here."

"A missionary!" He stared at me, open-mouthed.

"There's a most delicious smell of bacon," Julie said, pointedly sniffing at the air. "We've been travelling all night. . . ."

That was something he could understand. He seemed to relax, and a gleam of warmth came into his eyes. "If you haven't had chow. . . ." His friendly nature asserted itself. He turned and shouted: "Abdul!" And then he laughed awkwardly and said: "I forgot. I'm cook this morning, I guess." And he glanced a little angrily round the camp.

"Are you on your own?" I asked. There was accommodation for at least four in the tents.

"Yeah. Yeah, I guess so."

"Where's the rest of your party?" I was thinking of the Arabs with their jeep parked beside that fire in the mountains.

White hesitated. "Oh—they left this morning. . . ." He stared at us, and then added quickly: "To get stores and things, you know." He turned back to the mirror. "I'll just finish shaving; then I'll see about some food." He laughed, for no apparent reason except that he seemed nervous.

"Would you like me to cope with breakfast?" Julie asked hesitantly.

He glanced at her and then nodded. "Sure. Go ahead. There's tinned bacon, biscuits, jam and coffee." He watched her disappear into the cook-tent, glanced quickly at us and then turned back to the mirror again.

"What about a wash?" I suggested.

Jan looked at me and nodded. "Yes. A wash would be good."

We got our things and scrambled down the steep bank where a few dwarf palms thrust dusty fronds above the sand. Then we were in the rocky bed of the stream and the only vegetation was the feathery sprays of the tamarisk and needle-pointed tufts of reeds. A heron rose from the edge of the muddy-flowing stream, its wings beating slowly, cumbersomely. Occasional banks of dark sand were white-crusted and marked by the feet of birds, and when I rinsed out my mouth I found the water was slightly salt.

"He was expecting Wade," Jan said. "He doesn't believe I'm Kavan."

"He'll get used to the idea," I said.

He bent down and washed his face. As he stood up, I said: "The point is, what do we do now?"

"I'm going to have a look at the

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gorge." He was standing with his towel slung round his neck, staring up towards the entrance, which was a black canyon of shadow. "After we've looked at the place, perhaps you'll come with me to see Caid Hassan?"

"All right," I said. "But I think we'd better see this Capitaine Legard first. You don't want to upset the French."

Julie joined us then. "Breakfast is ready," she said. She washed her hands and face and then came and stood beside us. "It's a queer, wild place." She said it a little breathlessly, as though she were uneasy about it. "Why do you think the others left him?"

"How do you mean?" I stared at her and saw that her eyes were troubled. "He said they'd gone to get stores."

But she shook her head. "I've been inside the big tent. All their things are gone. And there are three empty beds there. You remember those men sitting round that petrol fire on the other side of the mountain? They stole the jeep because they were frightened and wanted to get away. I'm sure of it." She stared up at the entrance to the gorge. "I don't like it, Philip. *He's* frightened, too. I can feel it."

"Who? White? Nonsense," I said. "You're imagining things."

"No." She shook her head. "I'm not imagining things. There's a queer atmosphere about the place. I don't think we should stay here."

"Oh, come on," I said. "You're tired and you need some food."

She looked at me uncertainly. Then she smiled and, with a sense of relief, I saw the smile spread from her lips to her eyes. "I expect you're right. Let's go and have breakfast. Maybe I'll feel differently afterwards."

We breakfasted under the extended fly-sheet of the larger tent, and from where I sat I looked through into the tent, to the three empty camp beds. I, too, began to feel Julie's sense of uneasiness. It wasn't only the fact that the tent looked deserted. It was White himself. He was oddly talkative. And once started, he talked quickly, eagerly, as though he had to go on talking to keep his mind off other things.

He talked about himself, about North Africa—about anything that came into his head. He was from the Middle West and he had worked with Atlas Construction for eighteen months, building the big American bomber base at Sidi Slimane, near Fez. "Hell! That was a tough job. But I needed the dough. That eighteen months made it possible for me to come down here with my own outfit."

He seemed to know a good deal about Morocco and the Berbers. When Julie asked him about the old city that lay in ruins on the slopes above us, he talked with authority. "I'd say it was six or seven hundred years old," he said. "Maybe more." And he went on to describe the ruins in detail, a sudden enthusiasm in his voice, as though they touched him personally.

He had been staring at the ruins as he talked, but now I saw his gaze shift to the track running into the gorge. It had become very hot and the whole place seemed to brood in the shimmering light.

"And what about the *kasbah*?" Julie asked.

"The *kasbah*? Oh, that's later. Much later. It was the first *kasbah* built here in the valley. Legard says it was originally called Kasbah Foum-Skhira. Then, when the *palmerie* developed and they built a bigger *kasbah* and a new village, they called that Kasbah Foum-Skhira, and the deserted fort here became just Kasbah Foum. To differentiate between the two, I guess."

Jan leaned forward. "You know Caid Hassan? Is he the same *caid* that ruled here before the war?"

"I've never met him, but Legard says he's been *caid* here for more than forty years."

Jan got to his feet. "Come on, Philip, Julie. We'll go and look at the place."

"Just a moment," White said. "You say you're Kavan? And that the deeds are yours, not Wade's?"

"Yes. I wouldn't let him have them."

"I see." He stared at Jan, frowning again. "I'm surprised he didn't write me again and let me know." He said it more to himself than to Jan, and then he gave a quick tug to the waistband of his trousers and turned away, as though dismissing the whole matter. "Go on up there if you want to," he said.

We had a look at the *kasbah* first. It was built with its back against a section of the old city wall. The sand had drifted in from the desert, piling up against the walls, and there were goat droppings everywhere, dried and powdery. There was nothing of interest there. We climbed down to the track and walked up it into the entrance to the gorge.

"Do you know where the mine entrance was?" I asked Jan.

He nodded, his eyes searching the damp, chill world of cliffs and tumbled rock. The track had been slashed through the base of it and the debris shovelled into the bed of the stream, damming it up to form a lake. The water was still and reddish in colour. Skirting the base of the slide, we came upon two bulldozers, white with dust. They looked insignificant in that huge, natural chasm—forlorn pieces of man-made machinery. They had been cutting into the slide to expose the face of a shallow cliff of grey rock, piling the rubble out into the lake so that there was a big artificial platform.

Jan made straight for the cliff face White had been exposing. "This is the spot," he said. "He's almost reached it. Marcel said the mine shaft was at the base of this cliff. . . ." He stopped, turning to face the entrance to the gorge, his head on one side, listening.

A car was coming up the track from the camp. We couldn't see it because of the slide, but the sound of its engine was thrown back to us by the cliff opposite, beating in upon the stillness of the gorge. It grew rapidly louder. And then a jeep appeared, roaring and bumping round the base of the slide. It stopped beside the second bulldozer, and a European got out. He wore a light grey suit with a brown muffler round his neck and a wide-brimmed town hat.

It was Kostos. His suit was crumpled and dirty, and his narrow, pointed shoes were covered with a white film of dust. He looked uncomfortable and his city clothes seemed out of place against the towering background of the gorge.

"So! It is you, Lat'am, eh?" He glanced at Julie, and then his small eyes fastened on Jan. "Hah!" He was suddenly smiling. "For a minute I do not recognize you without your beard."

"How did you know we were here?" I asked him.

He tapped the side of his nose, smiling. He was so close to me that I could see the skin peeling from his cracked lips and the individual hairs of stiff stubble that darkened his chin. "Not a sparrow falls, eh? Even 'ere in the desert."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Don't try to be stupid with me, Lat'am. You know what I want." He moved across to Jan, leaning slightly forward and speaking confidentially, as though he might be overheard. "Come, now, my friend. The papers. They are of no use to you. You cannot make claim to this place just because you have Duprez's papers. Duprez is dead and any successor to the ownership of the property must be confirmed by Caid Hassan."

"I know that," Jan said.

Kostos chuckled. "Maybe you know it now. But you do not know it when you take the papers from Kavan, eh?"

"What makes you think I took the papers from him?" I think that at that moment Jan was amused that the Greek still took him for Wade.

Kostos looked at him and there was a little gleam of triumph in his eyes. "You do not kill a man for nothing, my friend." His tone was gentle, like a kitten's purr.

"Kill a man!" Jan stared at him with shocked surprise.

"You don't suggest Kavan *fell* overboard from your boat, do you? Don't you listen to the radio?"

"What do you mean?" Jan's face was suddenly white.

"The body of Dr. Jan Kavan, Czech refugee scientist, has been washed up on the coast of Portugal. That is what the radio said. It is two nights ago, and they give your description—all very accurate, except for the beard which is gone now." He moved a little closer to Jan. "The police would be interested to know what motive you had."

"How do you mean?" Jan's body was rigid, his mouth slightly open.

"If I tell about the deeds you get from Kavan, then they know it is murder—they know you push him overboard."

"No!" The denial burst from Jan's mouth. "I didn't push him. It was an accident. And it wasn't——" He checked himself as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him.

"Now, per'aps you understand, eh?" Kostos was smiling. "We make a deal, you and I. You give me the papers and I keep silent. Maybe I help you get out of Morocco safe." He turned at the sound of footsteps echoing along the cliffs of the gorge.

It was White. He wore an old fleece-lined flying jacket, open at the front to expose the dirty white of his T-shirt. "What's going on here?" he demanded. And then he recognized Kostos. "Oh, so you two have got together, have you?"

Kostos smiled and looked across at Jan. "Yes. That is just about what we do, eh?" He jerked the muffler tighter round his neck. "I give you till tonight, my friend. I will be 'ere"—he glanced at his heavy gold wristwatch—"at five o'clock. If you do not meet me then, ready to come to an agreement, then I will know what to do, eh?"

He smiled and nodded and walked back to the jeep.

"Who was that frightful little

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

BEN was an easy-going fellow—as most country people are. He owned a small poultry-farm and managed to make a modest living. But one September morning, when his wife Emily went to collect the eggs in two of the fowl-runs, she found every one of them smashed.

"It's either a fox or a dog," said Ben when she told him. "The birds themselves seem all right, so it's probably a dog. I shall take a gun tomorrow, and see for myself."

Next morning Ben went to collect the eggs. As he neared the fowl-run he heard a tremendous commotion; feathers were flying everywhere and amid it all was a small terrier, having the time of its life. Ben recognized the dog as belonging to his neighbour, Mr. Crump.

After some trouble the dog was chased away, leaving several hysterical hens and roosters minus tail feathers. Ben immediately phoned Crump, and complained. Crump was not very interested—until Ben said: "If I find that dog doing the same thing again I shall shoot it. Those fowls are my living." Then Crump warned Ben in no uncertain terms to take care.

Next day there was more trouble. There was the dog again, terrifying Ben's chickens. It was bowling birds over, and rushing in and out of the sheds. Ben and Emily tried to catch it.

They chased it around the runs and sheds but were quite unable to trap it. Eventually Ben, in a fury at the damage, took his shotgun and, as the dog tore past, he shot it dead.

Crump prosecuted Ben for "unlawfully and maliciously killing" the dog. Ben argued that he had acted reasonably, and solely to protect his fowls and his livelihood. After he had chased the dog on the second day, he had warned Crump, and had tried, without success, to chase it away and catch it on the third day.

Crump insisted that Ben should not have taken the extreme step of shooting the terrier until every other means of stopping it had been tried.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

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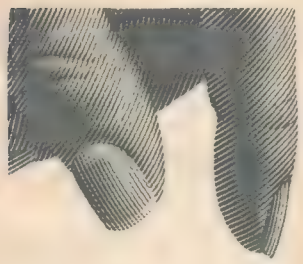

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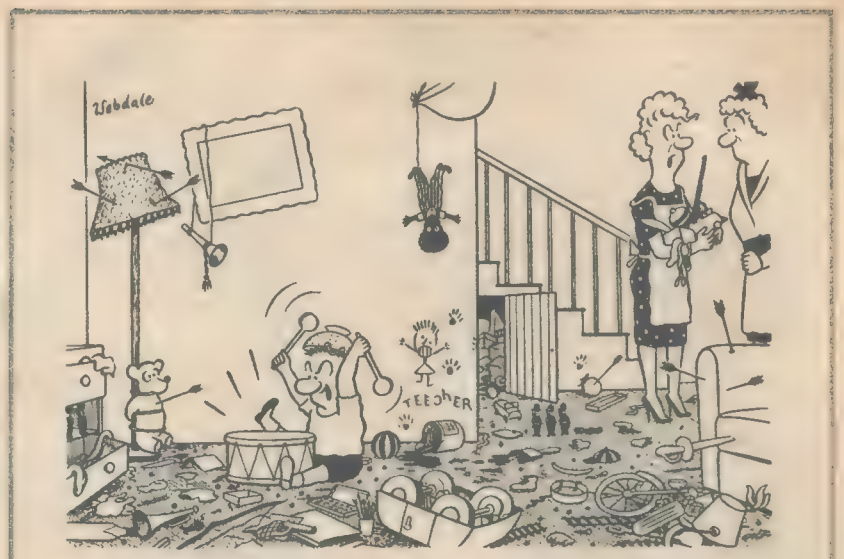
Satisfy



"He wants to go on the first rocket to the moon—and I'll jolly well see he does . . ."

man?" Julie asked. "What did he mean about——"

"I'll tell you later," I said quickly.

I was looking at White, wondering how much he had heard. He seemed to hesitate a moment. And then he half shrugged his shoulders and turned and walked over to the nearest bulldozer. The engine started with a shattering roar. The tracks moved and the dull, rock-burnished steel of the blade dropped to the ground, scooped a pile of rock out of the slide and thrust it to the edge of the dumping ground. The gorge echoed to the splash and rumble of a ton of rock spilling down the slope into the water.

I tapped Jan on the shoulder. "We'd better go down and see Capitaine Legard at the Post. He'll take us to the Caid."

He nodded and we went back to the camp. "Wade's body. . . . Then I am officially dead," he said.

"You'll have to explain that it's Wade's body that's been found in Portugal," I told him. "And you'll have to explain how he died."

He didn't seem to hear me. "If I'm dead," he murmured to himself, "then it's Wade who is alive. It's as simple as that. . . ."

At Foum-Skhira we stopped at the European house. There was a tricolour flying from a white flagstaff outside. A Berber servant came to the door of the house and stared at us. I called out to him, asking for Capitaine Legard, and he pointed to the fort, telling us to go to the Bureau.

THE sun had disappeared completely now; it seemed to have been overlaid by an atmospheric miasma. It was very cold and the wind had risen further, driving little sifting runnels of sand before it. The whole great open space between the two forts seemed to be on the move as the powdery-dry top surface of sand drifted along the ground.

We were shown into the captain's office by an immensely large, black-bearded orderly wearing a turban and a blue cloak. He was a Touareg, one of the Blue Men of the desert.

By comparison, Legard seemed small and insignificant. He was short and stocky, with sallow, tired features. There was no heating in the stone-floored office and he sat huddled behind the desk in a torn and dusty greatcoat with no insignia of rank on the shoulders. A khaki scarf was muffled round his neck.

He glanced at Julie and then pulled himself to his feet, staring at us in silence from behind thick-lensed, horn-rimmed glasses. The glasses caught the light so that it was impossible to see the expression of his eyes. But I felt he resented our intrusion. Moreover, though he might look insignificant, he conveyed a sense of power.

Faced with the authority of the man, Jan remained silent, leaving me to explain who we were and why we had come to Foum-Skhira. "We hoped you would be willing to take us to see Caid Hassan," I added.

"Caid Hassan is an old man," he said. "Old and sick." He got Julie a chair and went back to his seat behind the desk. "Also, you come at a bad time." He made little explosive noises with his lips and stared at Jan. "So! You are now the owner of Kasbah Foum, eh?"

"It has to be confirmed by the Caid," Jan said.

"*C'est ça.* And if the Caid confirms your title, what do you intend to do about this American?"

"I understand he's been granted a mining concession," Jan said.

CAPITAINE LEGARD grunted. The grunt seemed to express what he thought of the people in Rabat who granted mining concessions in his territory. There was silence again, and then he said, "You have documents to prove your ownership of the property, monsieur?"

Jan produced once more the crumpled envelope and passed it across the desk. Legard pulled out the deeds and examined them. Then he glanced at the covering letter. He read it slowly, carefully. Then he looked up at Jan.

"This letter is from Marcel Duprez?" he asked.

"Yes." Jan cleared his throat. "Perhaps you knew him, *monsieur le capitaine*?"

"*Non*. But everybody has heard of him. Capitaine Marcel Duprez was one of the finest officers of *les Affaires Indigènes*." There was sudden warmth in his tone. "Tell me, monsieur, how was it he came to leave you this property? Are you a relative?"

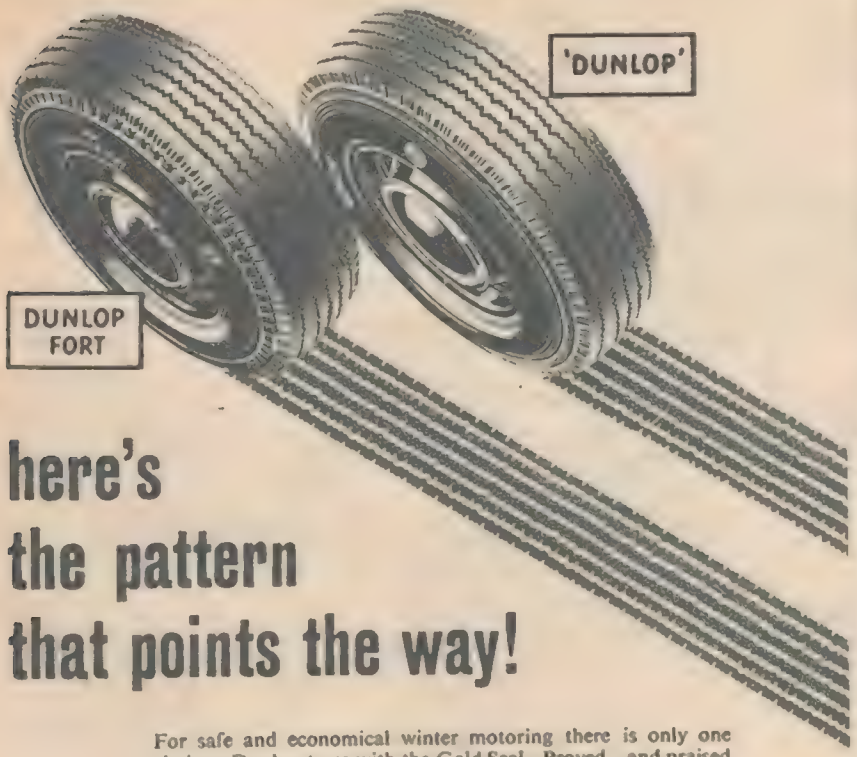
Briefly, Jan explained how the war had brought them together. And when he had described the scene in that cellar in Essen, where Duprez died, Legard nodded his head slowly.

"He was a fine man," he said quietly. "I am sorry he died like that . . . *Alors*. We will go back to the house. We will have a drink and you will perhaps tell me the full story. Then I will phone *mon commandant*. He will be interested. He served with Duprez. He was with him when they

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said: "A farmer is entitled to protect his property, even against his neighbour's favourite dog." Provided Ben's motive was only to protect his fowls, and not primarily to injure, he was not liable. This was obviously his motive, added the judge, and further, he had acted under considerable provocation. Ben was not guilty. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

MOTORISTS—



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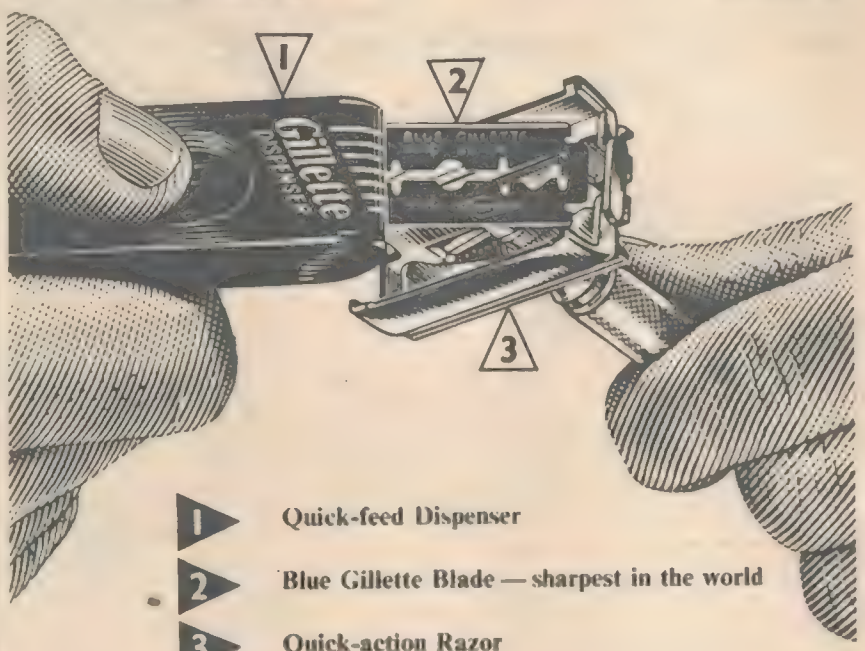

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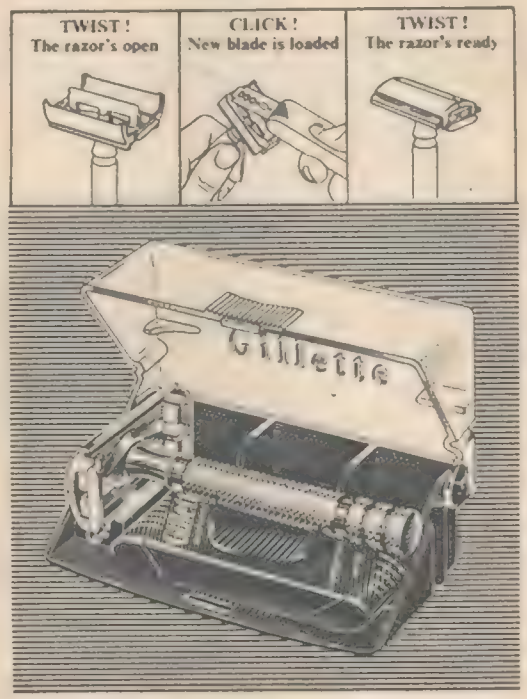

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"On second thoughts, let me try one a half-size larger"

took Foum-Skhira. Duprez told you the story of that, eh?"

Jan nodded.

"*Eh, bien.*" He took a battered and dusty pill-box officer's hat from a nail on the wall and led us out through the drifting sand to his house.

Like all houses in Morocco, it was built for intense heat. The floors were tiled, the walls cold, white expanses of plaster, their severity relieved by a few hand-woven rugs. There was a gramophone and some books and a small collection of brass ornaments, beautifully inlaid with copper and silver.

Julie picked up a miniature vase and gasped with delight at the delicate craftsmanship.

"Once Foum-Skhira was famous for its silver craftsmen," Legard explained. "There is an old story that your Kasbah Foum was built on the site of a smelting place—for extracting silver from ore. But—" he shrugged his shoulders—"like all these stories, it has come down by word of mouth only. Maybe it is true. Duprez excavated some old fireplaces there and now there is this American. . . ."

LEGARD shrugged his shoulders again and took us through into his study. There was a big desk with a field telephone on it, and the walls were lined with books.

"*Alors, mademoiselle. Qu'est ce que vous voulez boire?* Vermouth? Cognac? I have a good cognac that I have sent out to me from France."

"I'd like a cognac then," Julie said. He pulled up a chair for her and then shouted for his Berber servant, who came and poured paraffin on the pile of wood in the grate so that it went up with a roar as he lit it. Legard poured us our drinks. "*Santé!*"

"*Santé!*"

The fire blazed with heat. The room was suddenly warm and friendly.

"What is the best way for me to contact the Caid?" Jan asked.

"Ah, that is a little difficult, monsieur. I would take you myself, but. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "It is as I have said—you come at a bad time. I cannot leave the post until the food trucks arrive. I have two trucks bringing food here to these people, and they have both broken down." He made rude, angry noises to himself. "Our transport is all from the war. It works, but it needs servicing." He began to cough. "Like me," he said as he recovered, and he grinned at us sardonically. "The trouble is that everything—even the wood for that fire—has to come across the Atlas from Marrakesh."

"Could you provide us with a guide then?" Jan said. "I have to see Caid Hassan. It's urgent."

Legard looked at him, frowning. "You have waited ten years, monsieur. What is the hurry?" And when Jan didn't answer, he smiled and said: "Ah, it is the American that is worrying you, eh? Well, he is worrying me, also." He leaned quickly forward. "Things were difficult enough here before. The date crop has failed. Then this fool arrives, paying three Arabs incredible wages to run his abominable machines. I asked him to clear the rock by hand with local labour. He refused. He did not seem to understand that the people here needed the money."

"His Arabs have left him," Julie said.

"Yes, yes, I know." He had risen and was pacing up and down excitedly. "They departed early this morning." He stopped and stared at us. "But do you know why? Does the American say why they left?"

"Maybe they were told to go," I suggested.

"Who by?"

"Isn't the Caid's son, Ali, here in Foum-Skhira?"

He looked at me hard. "How did you know that, monsieur?"

I told him then about the visit we had had from Kostos.

"Ah, *oui*. This man Kostos!" He resumed his pacing. "*Merde!*" The word burst out of him with explosive force. "Everything goes wrong this year." He swung round on his heels so that he faced me. "Did you see the *souk* when you came in, and the road up the mountain? First the dates and then the rain. And now Ali is here."

HE started to cough again and winced, pressing his hand against his belly. He leaned on the desk for a moment and then walked slowly round to his chair, his body bent, and slumped into it. "*Eh bien,*" he murmured, "my relief will arrive soon." He shouted for the houseboy, who came running with a glass of water, and he drained it at a gulp.

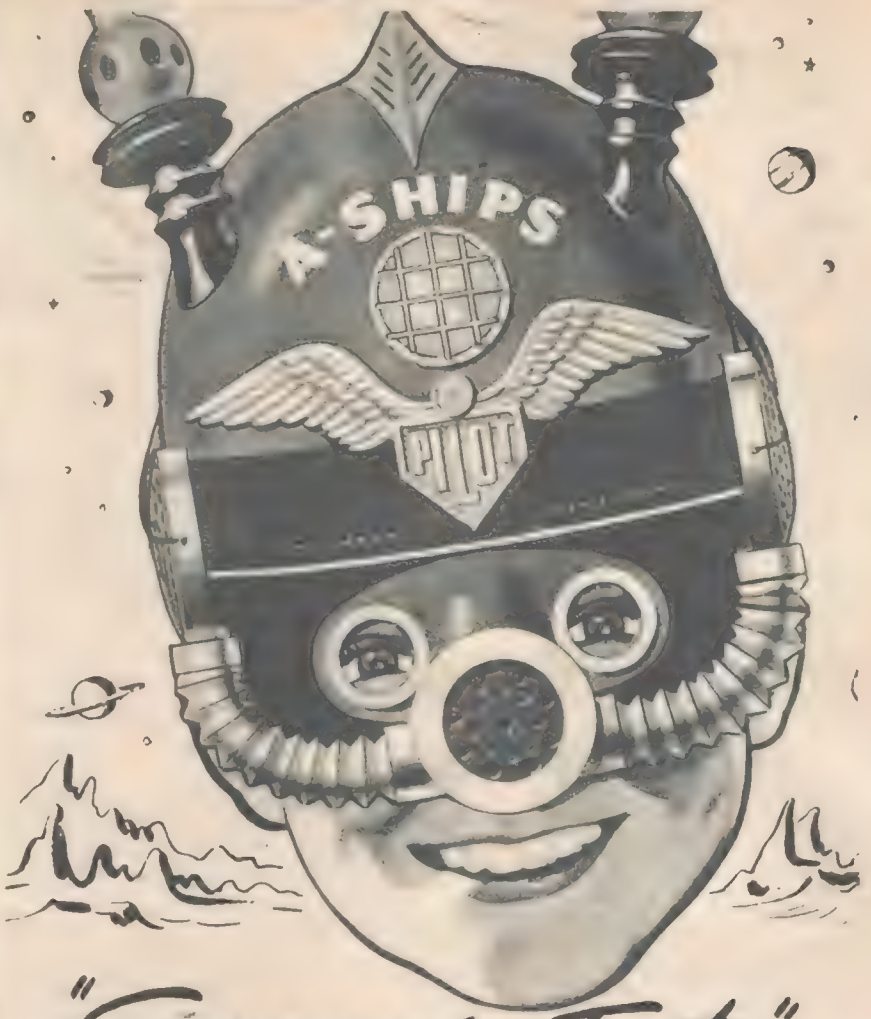
"Is it dysentery?" Julie asked.

He nodded. "*Oui*, mademoiselle. The *amibe*. With us it is an occupational disease. We do not always stay in the posts. We have to visit all parts of the territory, and sometimes we must drink bad water. For the *indigènes* it is different. They are immune. But for us. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders again.

"About this man Ali," I said. "Can't you arrest him? I understood. . . ."

"*Oui, oui, monsieur.* I can walk

All the natural richness of the Orange!



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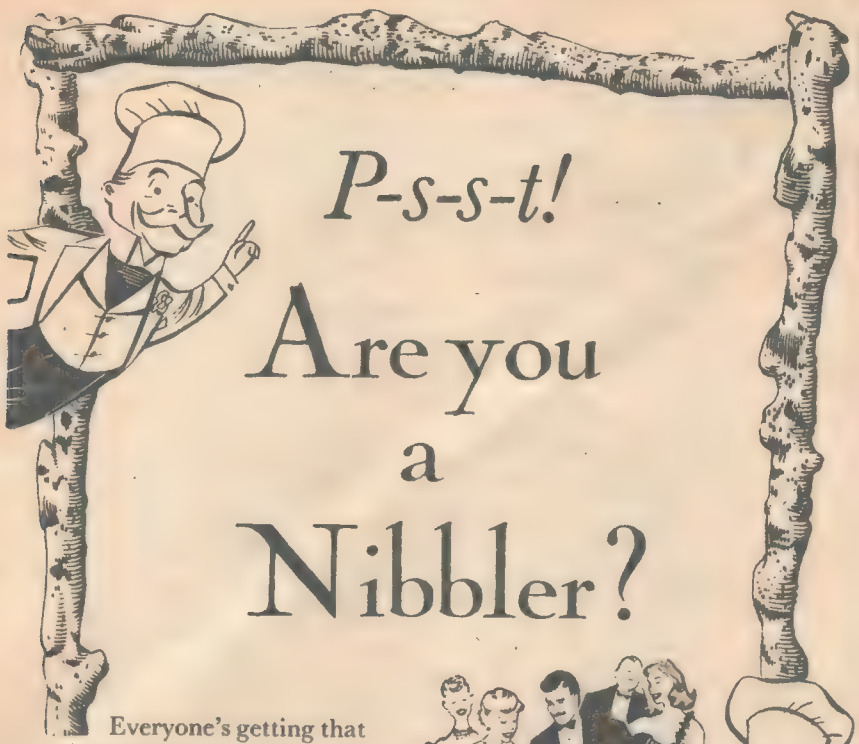

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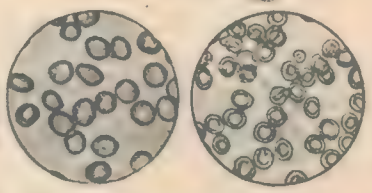

Photo-micrographs showing (left) normal blood cells, and (right) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

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into the *kasbah* now, this morning, and arrest him. But it would disturb the people, and things have been difficult here lately. Maybe when the food trucks arrive. . . ."

The field telephone on his desk buzzed. *"Pardon, monsieur."* Legard lifted the receiver. *"Oui, mon commandant—ici Legard. . . . Oui. . . . Oui. . . . Oui, mon commandant. . . ."* He looked across at us, the instrument still held against his ear, and his eyes fastened on Jan. *"Oui. Exactement. . . . Vraiment?"* His tone was one of astonishment. For a moment there was silence while he listened to the voice at the other end of the line, and then he said: *"Je le ferai. . . . Non, non, ils viennent d'arriver. . . . Oui, oui, je comprends parfaitement. . . ."*

He put the receiver down slowly on its rest. Then he stared at the three of us, a little startled, a little angry.

"Your papers, monsieur," he demanded, looking at Jan and holding out his hand. When they were handed to him, he went through them slowly, glancing up every now and then as though to check that they really did relate to the man sitting opposite to him.

"And yours, monsieur," he asked, addressing me.

He checked my passport and then he looked up at the two of us and said: "I regret, but I have orders to retain your papers temporarily. You are to remain in this district until you have permission to leave."

"What exactly is the trouble?" I asked.

"There is no trouble. It is solely a matter of routine." He pushed back his chair and got to his feet. "If you require accommodation——"

"We sleep in our vehicle," I said.

"*Bon.* Now, if you will excuse me, I have to leave for Agdz." He shouted for the houseboy. "If there is anything you require for your comfort," he added formally, "Mohammed will see that you have it." He indicated the Berber boy and then ordered him to escort us out.

Disconcerted by the abruptness of his change of attitude, we went without another word.

LITTLE runnels of sand had drifted under the front door despite the sacking that had been placed there. And when Mohammed opened it for us, we were met by a cold blast of wind that flung a cloud of stinging sand in our faces. We thrust our way out, too battered by the impact of the storm to think. The door closed behind us and we hesitated, huddling together for protection.

The *palmerie* had disappeared completely. The Foreign Legion fort was no more than a vague blur in the sand-laden atmosphere. The whole surface of the ground seemed to be on the move, rustling past our feet and climbing into the air with a singing sound on each gust, swirling upwards higher than the flagstaff.

We fought our way to the bus and staggered inside.

"What happened?" Julie asked, as she got her breath back. "What was that phone call about?"

"I think the police have discovered that Jan didn't come straight out from England," I said.

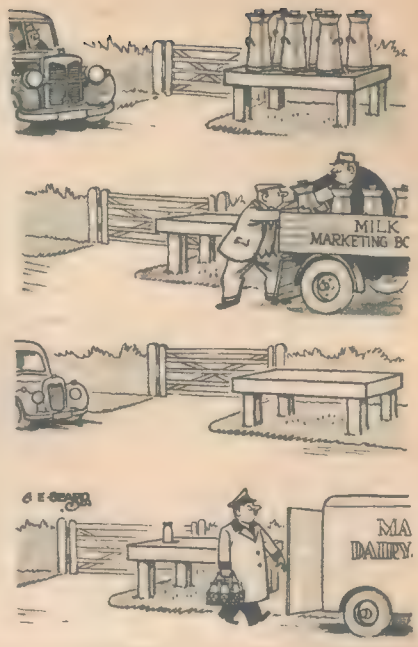
But she shook her head. "No, it wasn't that. Legard is an officer of the A.I., not a policeman, and Jan was a friend of Capitaine Duprez. His attitude wouldn't change because he was in trouble with the immigration authorities."

"No," I said. "But it would if his commandant had thrown doubt on Jan's identity." I glanced at Jan. He was sitting on the berth, his head in his hands, frowning. "Well, what do we do now?" I asked him.

He lifted his head and looked at me almost in surprise. "We see Caid Hassan. That's the first thing. Afterwards. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders a little wearily. "Afterwards, I don't know. But first we'll see the Caid. As soon as the storm is over."

I glanced at my watch. It was just after twelve. And at five, Kostos would be at the camp again.

To be continued next week



A TRIP TO PARIS

Continued from page 9

the girl stayed talking charmingly to John.

The animal they chose went down. "Better than ever," laughed Oliver. "Now we're partners in distress."

"It is a partnership that, alas, must dissolve," the girl sighed. "I must rejoin my friends."

"Are they very particular friends?" asked Oliver. "Couldn't you just duck them?"

She smiled, but shook her head.

"Perhaps you would dine with us?" suggested John.

"Tonight?"

"Why not? I am an experienced chaperon."

"It happens that I have an engagement." She hesitated. "But perhaps, on the telephone. . . ."

"Good girl," cried Oliver.

He took her to her friends, and when he came back reminded his father, "This is my dinner, remember. The hell-or-bust one, best they've got."

"Hadn't you better let me cut in with a share? After all, with three now. . . ."

"Wouldn't hear of it," declared Oliver. "And, by the way, would you much mind if it were four? Seems that Annette shares a flat with another girl, so of course I had to say bring her along too. Hope you don't mind."

"Sounds intriguing. What is my partner's name? Have you seen her?"

"No, she wasn't there. Her name's José."

BACK at the hotel, dressing, John was filled with an unpleasant emotion which he could not define. It seemed to be jealousy. But jealousy of what, or of whom? Of youth, perhaps.

He smiled wryly at himself. He, too, must be young again for that one evening. They would, of course, be laughing at him, but politely, not showing it.

Oliver had gone to pick up the girls, and John was to meet them in the restaurant. He went into the first café that he came to, bought himself a large whisky, and sat outside.

For the first time he wished he had not brought the boy, had never known him except as an infant, in memory. He had been a fool to suppose that, through Oliver, he could recapture anything.

He finished his whisky and took a taxi, gave the driver the address and hunched back upon the seat, staring at the crowds. It came to him that Oliver's first trip to Paris was quite probably also his last. Who could say how near the explosion might be? And when it came, a bomber pilot. . . .

He thought of turning back to the hotel, but the taxi had just pulled up, so he got out, paid the driver, and went in. The lighting was delicate, the luxury Edwardian. He went into the bar, and there they were, the three of them, drinking champagne.

José was a brown-haired girl with a

snub nose. "If your English is as bad as Oliver's French," said John, "you need me."

"I try," she affably replied.

"I am proud of your taste," John told his son. "Even the friends of your friends are exquisite."

"He must have French blood in him, your papa," cried José.

"Not papa," pleaded John. "Not tonight. I am the youngest of you all. It's spirit that counts."

He was thankful that he had not hinted to Oliver about the head waiter, the table, the food, the wine. Everything was prepared, without pause or question. Annette smiled at him. He began to see a little of Martha in her, as he always did in any woman who attracted him, when he was warm with drink.

José, at his side, babbled prettily in quaint English, and soon they were all laughing, like children. The old waiter set the dishes with an extra flourish, and the presiding prince in the black coat came to survey them paternally, happy at whatever it was they were celebrating.

"There ought to be a toast," John suddenly declared. "To nineteen."

"No, no," interrupted Annette. "Not to any age. The future."

"Dare you drink to that?" John asked his son.

"Why not?" Oliver said. "All the things there are to do, and the fun of doing them."

JOHN suddenly wanted to get up on the table and toast the future, but instead he said it very quietly. And they all drank.

"I'm going to take José off," he announced after a little while. "We are going dancing. You two must shift for yourselves." The gratitude on Oliver's face was comical. Annette still gently smiled.

"Will you come dancing with me, José?" John pursued, "and leave these two serious ones? They are too old and solemn for us. We are the youngsters, eh?"

"I think I am a little bit happy," said José, giggling.

He got her up and into a taxi. On the way out he saw the presiding prince. "If my son should be a little short of money," he said, putting most of what he had into the dignified hand.

"Where do we go?" demanded José.

"See here, my dear," he said, "I am not really a young man at all. I am old, José, old. I want you to do me a big favour, will you please? Tell the driver your address. And then put me out at the next big café. Will you do that for me, José?"

"I am not perhaps gay? Or is it you that is sad?"

"Something like that, José."

That was a hell of a thing to do, he thought, as he closed the door of the taxi and it drove off. But then he put her out of his mind.

He stood on the kerb, gazing at the splendid city. The triumphant lights of the Champs-Élysées pointed at the complacent sky. The taxis, the waiters, the errant crowds continued without concern this engrossing business of being alive.

A very happy, middle-aged American came out of the café and stood beside him.

"Swell night," said the American enthusiastically. Obviously he had to talk to someone.

John nodded.

"I sure would like Estella to see this," the American sentimentally continued. "Estella would love this. She's back in Ohio but she ought to be here tonight. Estella's my wife. Sure is a wonderful woman."

The American gazed approvingly at Paris, and then solemnly turned back towards John. "I'm telling you, I've got a wonderful wife back in Ohio."

John turned towards him.

"Ah, my friend, that's nothing," he genially said, with a gesture that took in lights, city, the whole spinning world. "Anybody can have a wife. But have you got a son, eh, have you got a son?" THE END

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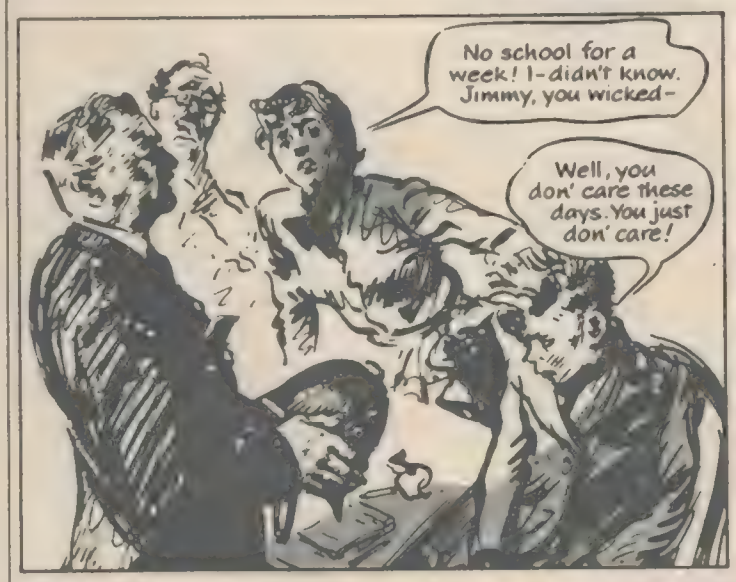
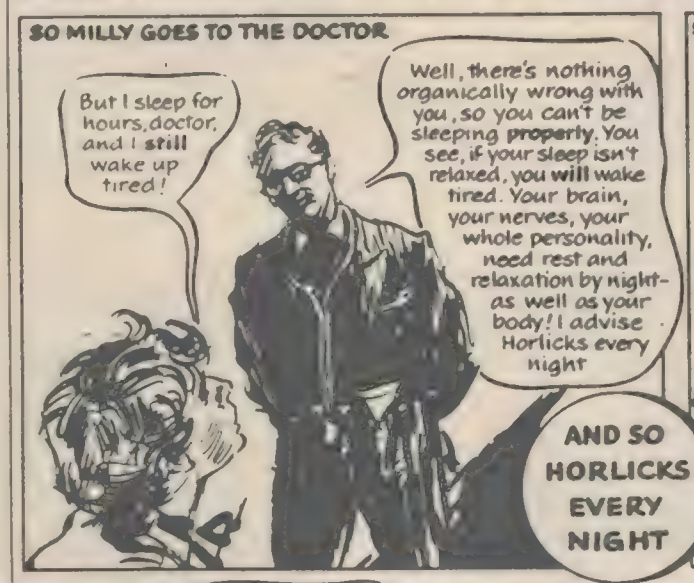
The Grove St. Sherpas



-and then he said- he said- I didn't care! Oh, Bob, he's right- I've been so tired lately I've let things go! I feel - feel like a limp rag these days
Milly, this isn't like you!


SO MILLY GOES TO THE DOCTOR
But I sleep for hours, doctor, and I still wake up tired!
Well, there's nothing organically wrong with you, so you can't be sleeping properly. You see, if your sleep isn't relaxed, you will wake tired. Your brain, your nerves, your whole personality, need rest and relaxation by night- as well as your body! I advise Horlicks every night
AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SOME TIME LATER
Bob, there's no Youth Club here - so let's start one!
Me and my pals could teach 'em some useful stuff. We could get advice from a Youth Organization, too!

Come on, tosh, that's no way to handle a rope. You'd never make a Sherpa!
Hey- that's a good name for our club - the Grove Street Sherpas
The club was my Mum's idea!

You've done a grand job with your Grove Street Sherpas, Mrs. Mills. You've worked hard!
Well, it keeps them off the streets
(THINKS)
No tiredness now- thanks to Horlicks
HORLICKS

If there is already a Youth Organization near your home, why not visit it, and ask if you can help?

(EP8/54)

WILLER & RILEY (1910) LTD. BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from page 13

to argue with him over the meaning of a word. I had said that something "jibed," meaning that it was appropriate, or, to use another Americanism, that it "clicked."

"Jibe," rumbled Mr. Churchill, "means to jeer at." I refused to believe it. With great patience, he called for the appropriate volume of the full Oxford English Dictionary and turned up the entry. The list of authorities forced me to agree.

After that, I made a point of listening to Mr. Churchill and not arguing. During the week, I made a list of points that puzzled me in English life and asked him about them at the week-end. He explained to me what such terms as "first reading," "blue book" and "white paper" meant. He was always extremely helpful, and seemed glad that I had asked.

Interview In Study

After tea on the first day, he called me into his study. It was a bizarre situation, the veteran statesman interviewing the music-hall comedian who had just married his daughter. He was clearly embarrassed, but equally clearly he felt that he had to say something.

He cleared his throat. "Well, you're a married man now. You have responsibilities."

I made appropriate noises.

"What are your future plans?" The words came out gruff and deep, in the tones to which we were later to become accustomed in his wartime speeches.

"I have four weeks booked at the Holborn Empire," I said tentatively.

"Yes, yes, very good. Anything else?"

"Three weeks at the Metropolitan, Edgware Road, a week at the Palace, Chelsea, then a week at the Finsbury Park Empire."

He nodded sagely, although I am sure the conversation meant nothing at all to him. "A great thing, work," he grunted. "Keep it up. Good luck."

We shook hands and the interview was over. He had carefully avoided calling me by name. Later, when he really came to like me, he called me Victor. At first, I had almost expected to be called Oliver.

My first visit to Chartwell lasted only two or three days, but in that short time I was accepted by the Churchills and—in spite of rumours to the contrary—I believe that all of them, especially Mr. Churchill, grew to be fond of me. I could go to Chartwell whenever I wished. I was always included in family functions.

One Of The Family

When Randolph married, I took my place with the family party and later signed the register as a witness. At weekends, Mr. Churchill introduced me as "my son-in-law" to whoever came to the house, no matter how eminent. The day after Germany attacked Russia, I lunched with Lord Beaverbrook and four Commonwealth prime ministers who had come to discuss the new situation with Mr. Churchill. At no time did the Churchills treat me as anything less than an equal, and I believe they spoke well of me to others.

To this day, I treasure a presentation set of the four volumes of Mr. Churchill's *Marlborough*, signed and inscribed by the author. On another occasion he gave me a beautiful edition of the Bible. Even now, I wire him congratulations on his birthday and invariably receive a courteous reply.

Indeed, there was a time at the beginning of the war when Sarah and I began to feel that we were accepting invitations too often. One Sunday afternoon, around 1.15, I was driving Sarah back from the tennis club when she suddenly shouted: "Stop!" Alarmed, I pulled up with scorching brakes. "Tyre-burst?" I asked. "No," she said. "We were expected at Downing Street for lunch at one." Almost immediately, I said: "Let's ring up and say the car's broken down." We did so, and both felt pleased, because we thought we had been taking too great advantage of her parents' kindness.

"It's the kids' dog really—I just feed it, groom it, train it, exercise it, and pay for its licence"

During my time at Chartwell, I was fascinated to follow Mr. Churchill's daily routine. He would rise at seven, take a wash in the bathroom and return immediately to bed. After a hearty breakfast he would dictate speeches, articles and parts of the book *Marlborough*, which he was then working on. At eleven he came down to his office and sorted his correspondence into three priorities, which he marked with red, green and blue labels in declining order of importance.

Immediately after lunch he took a two hours' nap. Never, to my knowledge, even at the most serious crises of the war, did he neglect to take this afternoon nap. At four he rose, had a cup of tea and returned to his office where he worked solidly until dinner. He would eat well, finishing always with cigars and port, but instead of relaxing for the rest of the evening, he would kiss his wife and go back to his office. He always said that his brain worked best between dinner and 1 a.m.—his usual bedtime.

Mr. Churchill at this time had three secretaries, who worked on a shift basis. He relied on them tremendously. Once, setting off for a visit to France, he stood in the drawing-room waiting for his car, fully dressed, with his stick in his hand. One of his secretaries came in with a bundle of papers. "Here's your passport," she said, "and your francs and a little English money for tipping. And here are your keys." With a mumbled, "Yes, yes, very good," he pushed them into his overcoat pocket. He was like a reluctant boy being got ready for school.

Sneaked Quietly Off

Mr. Churchill's passion for work made him a somewhat unorthodox host. Often, at tea or dinner, when the conversation turned to a topic in which he had no interest, he would sneak off to his study without saying a word. At other times, when he thought he could do some good—by talking to visiting statesmen or merely by learning something he didn't know—he would stay and converse. Often, he would take an intimate friend like Professor Lindemann, now Lord Cherwell, upstairs to his study to talk.

Even when he was talking seriously, however, he was often simultaneously composing a speech. He would call a secretary immediately after a dinner-party and dictate a beautifully polished oration at an astounding speed. Even when we came across him painting in the grounds—in a big hat and siren-suit—we often heard him declaiming parts of a speech as he daubed paint on the canvas.

The Churchills are possibly the happiest family I have come across. The children are mixed in character—Diana and Sarah, sophisticated and vivacious; Mary, simple and country-loving; Randolph, brilliant and impetuous. The parents adored each other. Often, I would see Mr. Churchill smile adoringly at Clementine across the dinner-table. She delighted in his success and was utterly downcast when things went wrong for him. They invariably called each other Clemmie and Winnie.

Though Mr. Churchill tended to be a trifle gruff with guests who bored him, Mrs. Churchill was the perfect hostess. Politics were barred as a topic of conversation, but she would find out beforehand what other subjects interested her guests and read them up in advance. Thus, she could discuss adequately the relative merits of rival brands of golf balls, the favourite for an impending classic, and technique in the hunting field, without necessarily being interested in any of them.

Evacuees Had Gone

On only one occasion did her hospitality misfire. She had given over a major part of Chartwell to thirty or forty evacuees who arrived from London one Friday afternoon. After seeing them allotted the best Chartwell beds with the best Chartwell eiderdowns, she gave them the best meal possible on wartime rations and arranged for their further entertainment. She then went up to London to join Mr. Churchill.

Returning on Monday morning, she was astonished to find the whole house empty except for one old woman who was just preparing to leave.

"What happened?" she asked. "Didn't they like the food or the beds?" The old woman drew herself up from her packing. "It's not that, ma'am," she explained. "We're Londoners and we just can't stand them stinkin' violets first thing in the morning."

When Sarah and I first came back to England, we had, of course, nowhere to live. Randolph was at that time living on the top floor of a new block of flats in Westminster and suggested that we take the flat below. I have occupied that flat ever since. Diana and Duncan Sandys took the flat next door and, during the war, Mr. Churchill often slept there.

Later, when the Sandys left, I took that flat, too, and the room where Mr. Churchill used to sleep is now my daughter's nursery. The flat I originally had, I use as an office. Incidentally, the rest of the same floor is occupied by Val Parnell.

After my marriage, I continued with my work on the halls. In spite of what some people suggested, I actually made £40 a week *less* with Moss Empires than I had the previous year.

At first, Sarah seemed contented with a quiet married life. We lived happily together whenever we were able, but often apart when I was touring the provinces.

I had arrived in England shot through with the values of American show business. Success, expressed in terms of money, meant everything. I was utterly selfish. Sarah taught me that there were other standards. When I attempted to get off a bus without paying—an act which would have been applauded in America—Sarah pulled me up sharply. During the war, when I wanted to accept presents of rationed food from fans, Sarah made me refuse every one. It was Sarah, too, who strengthened my somewhat wavering resolve to stay in this country during the war.

Miseries In Store

Owing her all this, I was dismayed when she told me she wished to carry on with her career in show business. Knowing the miseries inevitably in store, I tried to dissuade her. It was like trying to dissuade a child intent on a picnic. "What will you do?" I asked. "Surely you're not going to continue as a dancer?"

"I shall join a repertory company," she replied. "I want to try the legitimate stage."

After applying to various theatres within reach of London, she was engaged by the Cambridge Festival Theatre at a wage of £3 a week. She lived in cheap digs, but whenever I was able I drove up to Cambridge and brought her back to London for a night in the comparative luxury of our flat.

From Cambridge, Sarah graduated to various other repertory companies in Northampton, Colchester and the London suburbs. She took her work extremely seriously and would practise for hours in our flat, repeating one tiny gesture in front of the mirror until she got it perfect.

His Happiest Days

She had an extraordinary memory. Once, she was asked on a Friday night if she would take the leading part in a play at a small Leeds theatre the following Monday. She sat for hours, curled up on the settee, studying the script. By Monday, she was word perfect. No wonder she was bitter when James Agate and other critics made sweeping condemnations of society girls who allegedly took to the stage for pin-money.

Meanwhile I was working hard at music hall, cabaret, films and radio. Engaged for a single programme on Radio Luxembourg, I was retained week after week for eighty-two weeks. During those last few years before the war, I was happier than I had ever been before. I had a beautiful and talented wife; I was successful in my work; a lifelong exile, I now had a permanent home and kind in-laws.

But all the time, Winston Churchill, my father-in-law, was warning the nation of the perils ahead. In my own mind, I was convinced that he, and not the rest of his party—which at that time accused him of war-mongering—was in the right. I wondered what would happen to us all if war should break out. At that time, I could not foresee his premiership, the parties we attended at Chequers and my decision to stay in London when the bombs were falling.

NEXT WEEK: I share wartime crises with the Churchills

SHE SMILED — AND THEN SHE THANKED A MAGIC NUMBER

Much of her charm is in the gleaming whiteness of her smile—a whiteness she guards with her "Halex 260" Toothbrush every morning and every night. For sheer value and — above all — for efficiency, this toothbrush is the "tops". With its short head it reaches all the dental surfaces, and because its nylon tufts are "Rondated" it is as gentle to your gums as it is good at polishing your teeth. Look for it in its hygienic bubble-pack—guarded from all hands but yours. Hard or medium this greatest-value brush is only 1/6d, so remember the name HALEX. And remember the magic number "260".

SAY

'HALEX 260'

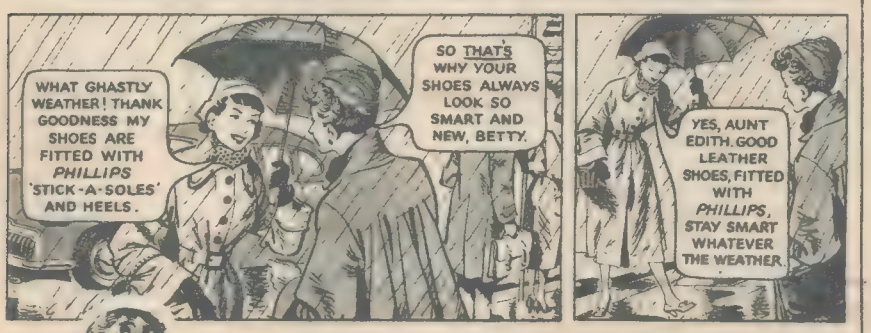
FOR BRITAIN'S BEST TOOTHBRUSH VALUE

Medium & Hard

1'6

★ This is but one of a magnificent variety of Halex Brushes at most reasonable prices. Try it first and then invest in a Halex Nailbrush or one of the fine Halex Hairbrushes for men, women and children.

SHOE-LIFE STORIES... *continued*


WHAT GHASTLY WEATHER! THANK GOODNESS MY SHOES ARE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS 'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS.
SO THAT'S WHY YOUR SHOES ALWAYS LOOK SO SMART AND NEW, BETTY.
YES, AUNT EDITH. GOOD LEATHER SHOES, FITTED WITH PHILLIPS, STAY SMART WHATEVER THE WEATHER.

Take it from me — PHILLIPS double the life of your shoes

Phillips

'STICK-A-SOLES' & HEELS

"But these aren't a bit like Martians"

LEOPARD AT LARGE

Continued from page 14

these trophies of his youth. The years between were long and grey, and sometimes he found himself uncertain when he had shot which. . . . Besides, nowadays, no one cared; visitors to see the collection had become less and less frequent; and even the vicar had once looked bored when he had started to chat to him about shooting. . . .

A soldier needs no doctor's physic: he needs the zest of food after a long march, the relief of a hard bed, the heat of brave words and brave deeds. The colonel knew he was too old now to draw comfort and health from these things. And so, until the Lord's will was done, that devoted servant Laura did her best by providing nourishing food and all the silly chatter her poor heart could think of in an effort to draw his attention from his misery.

Several days went by with very little change in the colonel's condition.

One day Laura came back from her morning shopping with unusual speed. She shut and locked the door very carefully before starting to prepare lunch. That day the colonel had summoned enough strength to get up, and he sat moodily in his old long-chair in his dressing-gown, his glasses on his nose, reading the paper. But he quickly lost interest and pushed it aside: such utter rot—the Empire had quite fallen to pieces. He chewed his moustache in annoyance, fidgeting, and watching Laura's efficient preparation of their morning elevenses.

"Here y'are," she said, giving him a cup of milk coffee and a biscuit. "Such a time I had in the village. Every shop shut or about to shut. Indeed. . . ." She launched into her story, hoping it would cheer him up.

It was a leopard, a ravening beast, and it had escaped. A small circus was on a visit to a neighbouring town. After the evening performance, as the result of a drunken wager, a yokel had crawled under the canvas and released the leopard from its cage. It was still at large and the whole countryside was on the alert. Schools had been closed and a large force of armed police drafted into the area. It was expected that the animal would be either killed or captured before another twenty-four hours had elapsed.

When Laura had told her story, she saw that the colonel's eyes were glinting with an interest she had not seen for months. He stuffed his glasses into a pocket and roared wih delight.

"By Gad!" he said. "By Gad! In England, too! Those policemen are lucky devils!"

They had lunch, and afterwards she was amazed and startled to see him parading round with a fearsome-looking rifle, aiming at imaginary objects in the hall. Horrified, she saw him fall on his face, but realized with relief that he was merely stalking some phantom creature behind the hat-stand.

When he demanded to know what she had done with the key to the big box of ammunition up in the attic, she became genuinely alarmed.

"We'll have none o' that in this house," she said. "The Lord deliver us!"

"But dammit, woman, the beast may attack the house," he blustered before her strong but loving gaze. "Or it might attack"—here he searched for a likely victim—"old Winthrope's cows." Winthrope's farm lay on two sides of the house and the cows often grazed beneath their windows during the summer.

"When it does, then we'll find the key," she said firmly; and, crestfallen, he had to recognize that she was the power in the home.

The terrible thing was that it did attack Winthrope's cows.

The news came with the milkman, who abstained from sending his errand-boy and arrived at the house himself, in his van, accompanied by a man carrying a rusty twelve-bore. The men stood on the step and gave Laura the news through a window which she opened gingerly.

One of old Winthrope's prize heifers had been killed. It was thought that the leopard had spent the night lurking in Bulmer's copse, behind the village, and had crept out and made its kill shortly before dawn. Every policeman in the county was converging on the spot.

The milkman made it clear that he was taking his life in his hands in venturing out at all, and that he hoped Laura would remember the fact. With a rattle of bottles and much brave gun-play, they made off.

The colonel was bright-eyed and agog. He had followed every word and now he turned on Laura in triumph. "There! Damn! What did I say?"

He had won his point. With misgivings, Laura found the key, and after a deal of stumbling in the attic he came down with a handful of cartridges, which he slipped into various pockets with professional nonchalance.

A little later, prompted by the colonel's wavering but eager finger, Laura found her gaze directed from the library window across the meadow lying below them.

She could certainly see something; it might be a mole-hill or even a dead cow. Shuddering, she withdrew, determined to double-bolt and bar every door in the house. While she did so, the colonel settled himself in a chair by the open window with his rifle over the

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RESULTS OF "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

John Bull
January 30, 1954

SECTION 1.—Best entries were those bearing phrases allocated thus:
A2, B6, C5, D7, E1, F8, G4, H3.
For these entries the following 10 readers share the prize of £50:

M. B. Addison, Dundee; I. W. Fairhurst, Goff's Oak, Herts; F/O G. T. J. Fidler, Malta; E. Howard, Surbiton, Surrey; J. Macfarlane, Southend-on-Sea; J. Mackenzie, Inchtyre, Perth; J. H. Moore, Kingswood, Bristol; J. Munday, Dovercourt, Essex; D. J. Richardson, North Cheam, Surrey; M. Whitby, Royston, Herts.

SECTION 2.—Best entries were those bearing phrases allocated thus:
A4, B2, C3, D6, E1, F8, G5, H7.
For these entries the following 5 readers share the prize of £50:

J. A. Duckworth, St. Helens, Lancs; F. Hanna, Belfast; I. E. Harrison, Congleton, Cheshire; G. M. Harrop, Leeds; J. Osborne, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester

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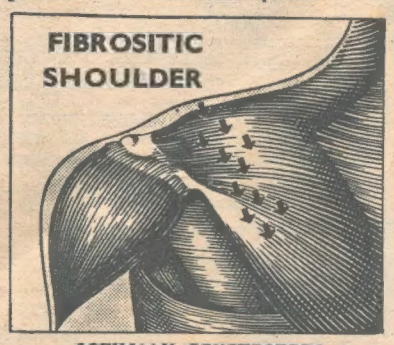

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

sill and his gaze steady across the field. When Laura came to call him to lunch, she stood spellbound outside the door at the unbelievable sound of him singing.

But her worries and the colonel's delight were only beginning. To start with, he insisted on hurrying through the meal in order to sit in his observation post. When two armed policemen trudged past the front of the house, the colonel roared a mass of unintelligible instructions to them. They saluted gravely and passed on.

"Indeed, ye'll catch your death of cold," Laura fretted, seeing the cold wind ruffling his hair. She fetched a hot-water bottle and a blanket. But the blanket slipped to the floor as he stretched with his rifle to a new point of vantage; the bottle was scuffed underfoot, unnoticed.

NOTHING appeared in the field during the afternoon except two crows and a flock of starlings, and the colonel finally gave in to Laura's pleading and went down for his tea. But he fortified himself with his superior knowledge of the quarry.

"After a kill they always lie-up," he told her. "Now mark my words—it's going to come back and finish off that cow at dusk. They always do." He hesitated on the brink of a story about what happened once at Adaipur and instead fell to polishing his rifle, which he had brought down with him.

When the colonel had returned to his cheerful vigil, Laura cleared away. Several times she found herself wondering whether this awful excitement was good for the old man after all. It had certainly given him an interest; but at what cost? Even if he didn't shoot himself he was sure to get a chill. Her dread of firearms was almost religious.

As if to give point to these forebodings, the violent crash of a shot struck the house and jarred the window-frames and ornaments like a physical blow.

"Mercy!" Laura breathed, and clutched her throat before turning and darting up the stairs headlong. She should never have let him have the key. Now what had he done?

But the triumphant colonel was performing an involved hop, skip and dance round the room. The reeking weapon still leaned against the sill and pointed ominously into the twilight. He only paused in order to drag her to the window and to indicate the night with a grand gesture.

She peered fearfully, but could see nothing. Then, breathlessly, he explained how the beast had been lurking by the hedge and how he had risked a quick snap-shot. Only by main force did she prevent him donning his overcoat and balaclava and going out to look then and there.

To her assertions that the beast would still be lying there in the morning he finally agreed, even meeting her so far as to have a cup of hot milk and rum by the fire, for he was beginning to shiver after his hectic day. Before long she had him trailing sleepily to bed, his rifle tucked under his arm.

The next day the colonel slept late, and when he got up he was a little feverish. He hurried to the window in order to scan the field below.

Disappointed, he had to allow that there was nothing to see. Although he craned his neck from every angle he could see no sign of the leopard. Coughing and a trifle blue about the cheeks, he went down for his breakfast.

Seeing him downcast as he ate his egg and toast, Laura assured him that men had been marching about the countryside since dawn. Doubtless the leopard had been found dead and was now under cover awaiting its owner's inspection and police formalities. They would hear the news soon enough, she told him, watching his over-bright eyes.

As she was beginning to suspect, the chill had sunk deep, and he soon retired, sniffling to his room, where he was able to sit with his rifle and glance from time to time along the heads on the walls. When he refused his morning elevenses she became worried and persuaded him to go to bed. By now he was beginning to breathe stertorously and so, putting on a coat, she hurried out to call the doctor.

When she returned, the colonel was sunk in a doze from which he awoke and blinked at her with child-like calmness. The doctor arrived almost at her heels, and the old man submitted himself to the ritual of undressing and examination with strange beatitude. With twisted hands, Laura awaited the diagnosis.

The doctor led her aside and lowered his voice. "I think he ought to have immediate treatment. You see. . . ."

He spoke of symptoms and things of which she knew nothing. She lowered her head, nodding, almost as though in prayer.

WHILE the doctor withdrew to fuss with his hypodermic and vials, the colonel lay weakly against the pillows, swathed in blankets, only the brown tip of his nose and his white moustache showing. Laura stood beside him.

"Now then," he was saying, as if to some loyal but forgetful officer, "you won't forget to let me know about the leopard? Do you think they might let me have the head?" He gave a faint chuckle. "The only leopard ever bagged in England! By Gad, that's something to boast about!"

She bit her lip, blinking. Several people had already told her about the leopard. It had been killed by a railway engine, miles away.

"Ay, surely, surely," she murmured in a voice choked with feeling. She

waited a moment, wondering if he would speak again, but when she looked she saw that he had fallen asleep. Behind her the doctor was gently clearing his throat, drawing her back to the business at hand. She turned away to wipe her eyes.

As she was straightening her cap, a knock sounded at the side door. Laura went down to answer it, and was confronted by a rough-looking man smoking a short pipe turned downwards. The man touched his cap rather sullenly.

"'Tis about my dog Billy, ma'am. Going across the field to work first thing this morning, I found him dead out there by the hedge. As dead as a nail he was, ma'am, and by the look of him he'd been shot."

He paused to examine his pipe critically. "The old colonel is fond of guns, ma'am," he went on carefully. "It struck me that there might have been an accident like."

Laura flung an involuntary glance over her shoulder. "The colonel's ill," she said tersely. "What was the creature worth?"

"A pound," he said after hesitating.

She reached in her purse. "Here," she said. "But not another word about the matter, mind."

He touched his cap in some surprise and went.

As Laura shut the door, she heard the doctor coming downstairs. He gave her a prescription to take to the village, and said: "I don't think it would help matters to take him to hospital. Old people like to be at home. And I'm sure your own care couldn't be improved on. I'll call tomorrow."

LAURA returned to the library to find the colonel already somewhat better. Yet the trend of his thoughts bothered her. He was still obsessed by the idea of the leopard. In her short absence, he had planned sweeping changes in the arrangement of the heads. The head of the leopard was to hang in the place of honour—in the very centre of the wall. In his mind's eye he could see it already. Skilfully mounted, with bared fangs and green eyes, it dominated the room and brought a startled gasp from the inevitable crowd of visitors.

For the fiftieth time Laura was asked how long it would be before the doctor would allow him to get up. Three days? A week? He could hardly restrain his impatience to rearrange the heads. Yet it was strange, he told her more than once, that no one had called to congratulate him on his shooting. It was odd that the vicar hadn't heard and come round to see him.

Later in the day, Laura went out for the doctor's prescription. In her eyes was a look of hard determination. On the way back she entered a phone-box and made a lengthy call. She got in touch with the right person only with great difficulty because, as they told her, "the afternoon performance is still on." But in the end a brisk voice asked how he could help her.

After Laura had introduced herself and described what it was she wanted, there was a long pause. The man finally said: "I've been a long time in show business, lady, but this is the funniest deal I've ever put through. The police dumped the carcass in one of our tents this morning. I think the head's O.K. As far as I'm concerned you're welcome to it as a gift. Where should I send it to? A taxidermist? And charge the bill to Colonel Drew? Lady, it's a pleasure! Another day and the council would be complaining. We were thinking of ringing up the grave-digger."

"And ye'll not let it get in the papers?"

"Just as you wish," the man promised, and rang off.

"There," said the colonel later, as he winced at the bitter medicine Laura was administering with a strong hand; "that's the spot—a little to the left of that pair of blackbuck. What do you think? A good place for it?"

"Why, it's perfect!" Laura cried with real pleasure. In the evening she had arranged for the vicar to call and he knew exactly what he had to say. She smiled. The last head would look wonderful.

THE END

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THREE £100 SHARERS (with entries differing at one point only from competitors' Answers above): Miss M. Brock, 41 Springbank Street, Glasgow; A. Cracknell, 9 Meadow Road, Earley, Reading; J. H. Pine, 48 Dagger Lane, West Bromwich.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 52 entrants (with entries differing at two points only). "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

NOTE.—JOHN BULL'S Crossword offers ended with No. 872; entry vouchers issued for Crosswords remain valid for *Bullets*.

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Symphony Of Spring	Profits
That Budget	Just Like Her Mother
German Tug-of-war	A Jump Ahead
Killed On The Road	Shows He's Big-hearted
At Geneva	Nice, Quiet Smoke
Something Coming In	Boy With Brains
A Woman Knitting	Aching All Over
Meeting After Meeting	In The Spider's Web
House Of Cards	With A Hoot Of Derision

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Means A Lot To.....	Easier To.....With
Can't Be....., But	.....The Shop
Driving The.....	Off Went The.....And

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Surprise Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated April 10 and in JOHN BULL dated April 17), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 3, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,928 result.)

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